BYSTANDER

MAS Nº 1923

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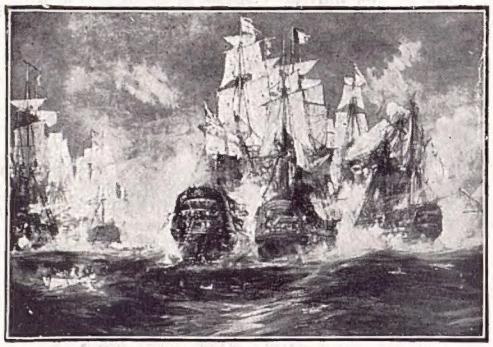
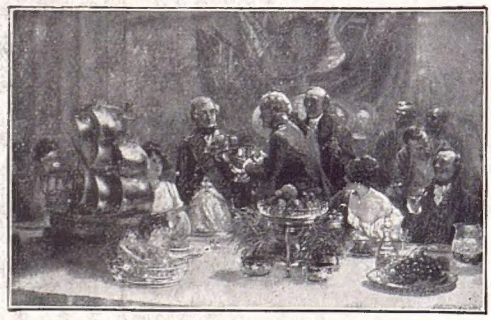


"'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY."

By Charles Dixon, R.I.

In this picture, Mr. Charles Dixon, the well-known seascape artist, has chosen for his subject the scene at the fatal moment when Lord Nelson was mortally wounded by a shot fired by a French marine from the mizzentop of the "Redoubtable." The "Victory" and the 'Redoubtable" will be seen locked together. To the right is the famous "Téméraire," whilst to the left is the French ship "Bucentaure" and the Spanish ship "Trinidad." The picture is strikingly vivid in imagination, rich in colour, and full of the atmosphere of battle.



"THE TOAST IS BRITAIN."

By Fred Roe, R.I.

A delightful portrayal of an incident at a Banquet at which Nelson figures in company with Benjamin West, the great painter.

"ORANGES AND LEMONS."

By Sheridan Knowles, R.C.A., R.I., R.O.I.

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Exact replicas (in colour) of these three paintings, each mounted on best plate paper, size 33 inches by 27 inches and **entirely free from advertisement matter**, will be sent FREE to users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap who send 30 outside Wrappers from the Tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for each picture, together with 2/- towards cost of packing and postage (inland). Foreign postage, 3/-

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In Siberian sable dyed kolinski, **450 Gns.**

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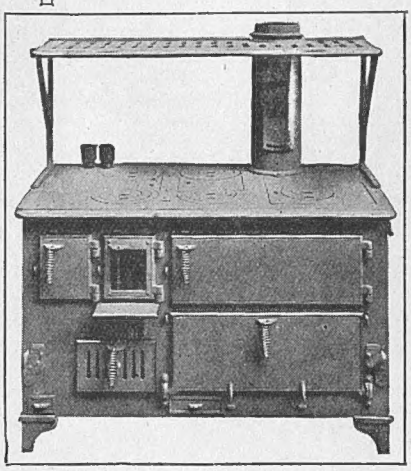

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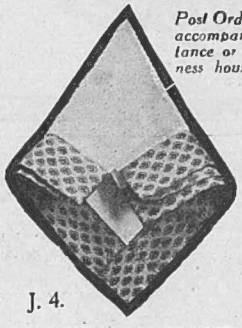

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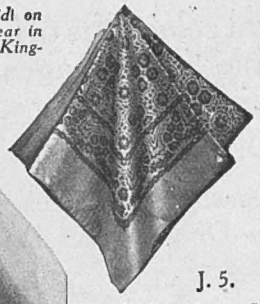

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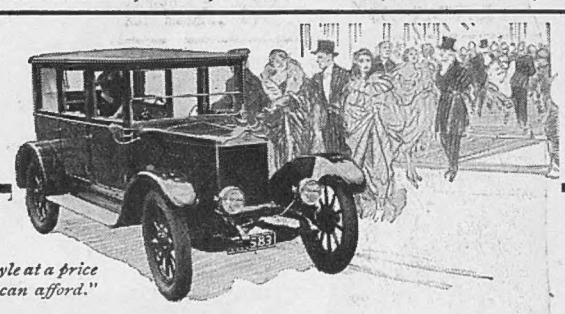

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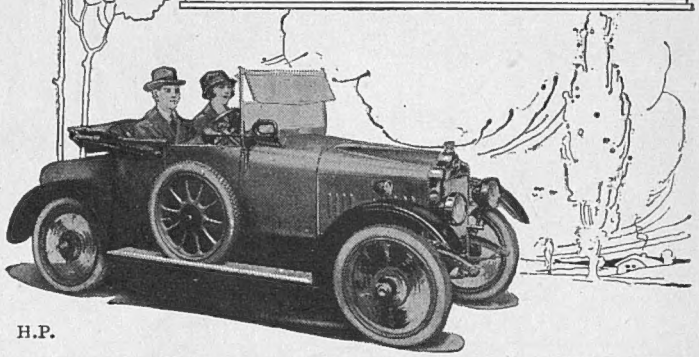

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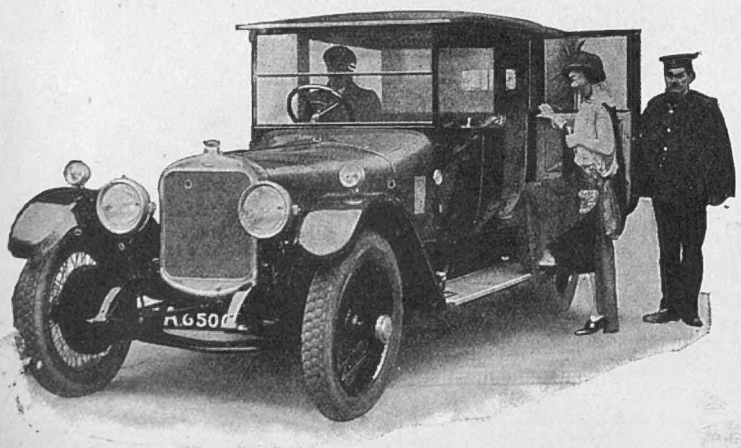

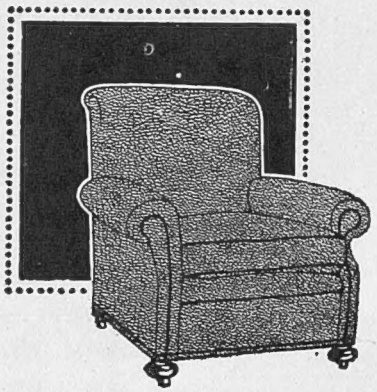

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Non-Head-Attachment *Gives Natural Hearing* *Leaves hands free.*
No Tinny or Metallic Sound Whatsoever.

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The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

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1822 1923

HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

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To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

A Henry Heath Hat is a Pleasing Gift

THE "CHAMPIGNON"

A fashionable mushroom-shaped hat, made of the finest quality fur felt and equally suitable for stormy or bright weather.

The smooth line of the crown accentuates its smart appearance, and the brim, slightly narrower at the back, is finished with a bevelled edge.

The self-coloured galloon trimming is arranged with a refined effect at the back of the hat.

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PRICE **30/-**

The name of our nearest Provincial Agent can be had on application.

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A selection of hats will be forwarded upon request.

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Snug and restful for travel wear, burdenless and limb-free for walking. Decorous for town . . . practical for country wear. £8 8 0 single-breasted, £9 9 0 double-breasted (as illustrated).

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Aquascutum Ltd
Estab. 1851.
126, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
Sole makers of Aquascutum Weatherproofs.

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"There's many a slip!"

Every Pot-Hunter needs a

Sportsman KNITTED UNDERJACKET OR PULL-OVER

The Success of the Season for Golf, Shooting, Riding, Fishing, Motoring, Walking

See the full 'Sportsman' range at your Hosiers, Outfitters or Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining write to
WOLSEY LTD, LEICESTER

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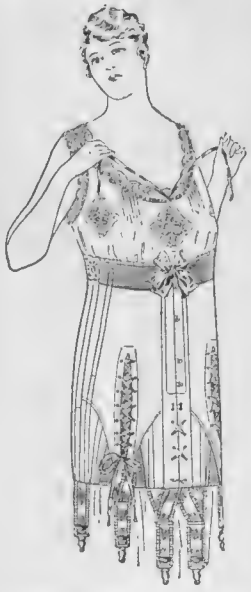
The best Corset value in the World

THE *Twilfit* Regd. CORSET

ENGLISH MADE THROUGHOUT



Model 3120B. Full Figure
Model specially designed for full figures. Very low bust in front, sloping at back. Elastic Gussets fitted under lacing either side at front. In Pink only. Sizes 31 to 40 in.

Price **25/-** Post Free.

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Corselet of handsome Broché, suitable for sports and dance wear. Can be worn with or without Corsets. In Pink or White. Fastened at side with new patent no-hook fastener. Sizes 32 to 44 inches.

Price **16 11** Post Free.

What the Twilfit Guarantee Means *is that every Corset bearing the Twilfit Trade Mark is warranted to give Complete Satisfaction in wear, or the Corset will be replaced or Money Returned.*

Please mention size when ordering

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"Twilfit" Uplift Model Corset, with durable elastic Underbelt 8 ins. deep, specially constructed to help and control the figure. The belt is fitted with a special light-weight busk. The Corset is in White Coutil, and fitted throughout with "Twilfit" Unbreakable Spiral Steels, and fully guaranteed. Sizes 24 to 32 in.

Price **15/11** Post Free.
Sizes 33 to 40 inches, Price 16/11 Post Free.

Model 1923B.
A model with a low bust, waistline 1½ ins. from top of Corset. Made from finest quality Brocade. Fitted with Rustless and Unbreakable "Twilfit" Spiral Steels, and four silk hose supporters. Sizes 20 to 30 inches.

Price **25/-** Post Free.

ALL TWILFIT CORSETS *are fitted with Twilfit Spiral Steels—Rustless and unbreakable—Exclusively a 'Twilfit' feature, they are unobtainable in any other corsets.*

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD., 290-322, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

A Gift for Beauty is a Joy For Ever

SURELY it is difficult to imagine a more fascinating or charmingly intimate gift than the means of preserving and, indeed, enhancing one's natural beauty.

Ask any of your women friends and you will find that to present them with one of the new 'Complexio' Face Massage Rollers is to give them the very gift they most desire.

It is a compliment to their good looks and your regard for them—it will solve for all time the problem with which every woman who values her youthful complexion is constantly faced—the effective and convenient means for *home massage.*

Full directions for its use are enclosed with every roller which enables every woman to massage her face, arms and neck with results equal to those she would obtain by undergoing treatment by an expert masseuse.

NOTE.—Without electricity the "Complexio" imparts all the refreshing and exhilarating effects of an Electric VIBRO MASSAGE.

Send to-day and give your friend a gift which will be a constant source of pleasure and remembrance of the giver. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded without question.

Enclose P. O. 10/6 with full name and address.

10/6 Post Free Complexio **10/6 Post Free**

BRITISH MADE. PATENTED

FACE MASSAGE ROLLER

Obtainable from the—

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AT this fashionable rendezvous—a treasure-house of all that is best in dancing, dining and social attractions — the 1923-24 Season opens with a programme of exceptional merit and attractiveness.

Possessing a thousand and one charms, and with a personality of its own, Rectors Club maintains, and amplifies, the unrivalled position it has earned in Clubland.

With Dina Harris and Ted Trevor, the celebrated Anglo-American Dancers, and the incomparable music of Rectors Capitol Orchestra, the most talented combination in this country . . . here, certainly, is entertainment fit for a King, and worthy of the King of Clubs.

Early application for membership, addressed to the Secretary, and reservation of tables, is advised.

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Phone : Museum 4069 & 3198.

New Toilette Discovery Every Well Groomed Lady Needs.

NOTHING is so objectionable as a conspicuous growth of hair on the arms, under the arms or projecting through the fine cobweb mesh of thin silk stockings. Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have used scraping razor blades and evil-smelling irritating chemicals to remove unwanted hair. A razor only stimulates hair growth just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. The burning Barium Sulphide used in chemical preparations causes red blotches, painful irritation, soreness and skin blemishes. The new Veet Cream does not contain any Barium Sulphide or other poisonous chemicals. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories simply remove the hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. It is as easy to use as a face cream and has no offensive odour. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/6d. from all chemists, hairdressers and stores; also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/-. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 206 B.), 68, Bolsover St., London, W.1.

WARNING. Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine, perfumed velvety cream for removing hair. Beware of imitations and harmful substitutes which stain and injure the skin.

VEET

A Velvety Cream that removes Hair

DENT'S

A Gift of Dent's Gloves is a supreme gift, for their beauty of cut and finish is a subtle tribute to beautiful hands.

They are made by craftsmen of marvellous skill whose families have been glove-makers for generations.

Ask to see Dent's Fur-backed Motoring Gauntlets, Dent's smart Fur-cuffed Walking Gloves, and last, but not least, Dent's Reindeer Gloves with their soft texture and superb dressing.

FROM ALL GOOD GLOVE SHOPS

Practical Gift Suggestions

Write for Catalogue

DICKINS & JONES LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Post Order Now

D. H. EVANS & Co. LTD.

FLOWER DEPARTMENT.

Xmas Presents and Evening Wear

BM 1. TINSEL LEAF HAIR BAND. Silver, Gold and Evening Colours. PRICE 8/11 *Post free.*

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In Pink, Green, Orange, Gold, Old Gold, Steel, Light Silver, Cerise, Turquoise. *Post free.*

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In exquisite shades of Green, Blue, Fuchsia, Orange, etc. *Post free.*

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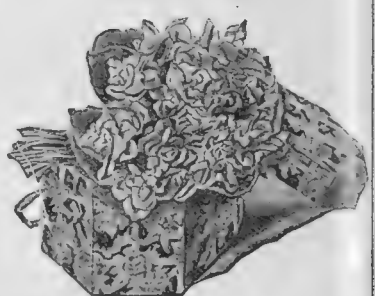

BM 8. PRETTY BOX containing Neapolitan or Wood Violets. PRICE 3/- *Post free.*

290-322, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

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AKURE

(Non-poisonous)

The Speediest and most Efficacious Cure for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Allied Ailments yet known.

AKURE No. 1.
For Horses, Dogs and all other Domestic Animals.
Price 2/- per 1 oz. bottle.

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For Human Use.
Price 2/6 per 1 oz. bottle.

Both Prices Post Free.

Enthusiastically commended by Doctors, Veterinary Surgeons and Trainers of Racing Stables, to whom a sample bottle will be sent on application.

Chemists are invited to write for Wholesale Terms to—

AKURE, LIMITED,
Windsor House, Victoria St. S.W. 1.
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CONTROL THE HAIR

by the most pleasant and effective method. Anzora keeps the Hair in position all day, and is a necessary toilet preparation for smart men. Delicately perfumed to suit a man it has become the recognised Hair Controller.

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps are sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 & 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

Beware of Substitutes or court certain disappointment

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

THE FAMOUS CALLANDER

QUEEN'S SHORTBREAD

As supplied for over 30 years to H.M. the late Queen Victoria

As pure as it is delicious and the finest made in the Highlands

Cakes, in tins, - - 3/7, 5/4 & 6/8
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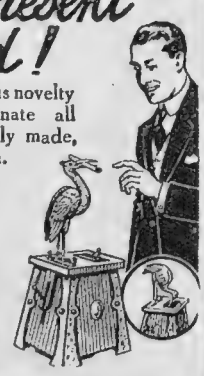
All post free, securely packed

Thicker cakes suitable for sending Overseas. Prices on Application.

D. CHRISTIE & SON, Bakers,
CALLANDER, PERTHSHIRE.

That Christmas Present The Problem Solved!

Give "something different" this year. This ingenious novelty will delight the recipient, and interest and fascinate all who operate it. A handsome ornament—beautifully made, and the centre of attraction wherever shown.



"Deliverem"
AUTOMATIC DELIVERY
CIGARETTE CABINET

A marvellous invention—fully patented. Simply press a lever, the bird stoops and picks out a cigarette, as shown, and a match appears in front. Holds 40 cigarettes and 40 matches

Unique—Novel—Ornamental—Dependable in action.

In Oxidised Copper **17/6** post free. (or in Polished Brass 26/-)
Immediate delivery. Cash returned if not approved.

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11 inches high by 5 inches square.
BRITISH MADE

For the long Evenings

Try a

JIG-SAW PUZZLE

Always interesting and amusing to young and old.

Hundreds to select from prices 1/- to 45/-

Full Price List post free from the makers:—

HOLTZAPFFEL & Co., Ltd.
Established 1794.
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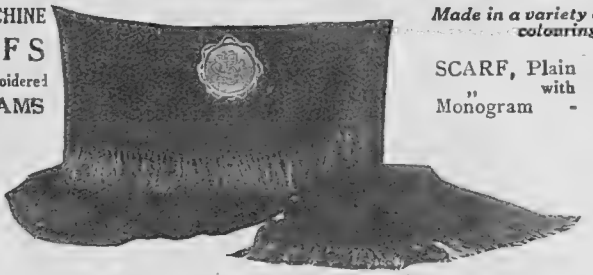
Charming Gifts for Christmas

CREPE-DE-CHINE
SCARFS
with hand-embroidered
MONOGRAMS



Made in a variety of exquisite colourings.

	PRICE
SCARF, Plain	50/-
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DRESSING GOWNS, SMOKING SUITS, SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, NECKWEAR, ETC.

A large and extensive range of the highest grade materials and ready-to-wear garments of exclusive design are to be seen at this establishment.

HOSIERY.

Styles and Designs made to order in any weight and material.

Garments will be sent on approval on provision of satisfactory references.

Illustrated Lists and Patterns sent on application.

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Telegrams: "Paddywhack, Piccy, London." *Telephones: Gerrard 4631-4632.*

Handbags for XMAS GIFTS

24.M.
TOP OPENING BAG. in willow calf, with Centre division, lined Silk throughout, fitted Puff Case & Mirror, with a novel Safety fastening. Brown only. 37/6

23.M.
Dainty MILANESE BAG of choice coloured designs, lined best quality silk with centre division lined suede fitted writing tablet, Puff Case & Mirror Size 8x5½ 39/6

29.M.
A FLAP OVER BAG in real Beaver Calf, lined best Moirette, with centre division lined White Kid, fitted Puff Case, Writing Tablet & Mirror 8¾x6½ Colours. Brown & Grey 21/-

DICKINS & JONES LTD.

REGENT STREET. LONDON. W.1.

ELIZABETH, Ltd.

45, South Molton Street, New Bond Street, W.1.

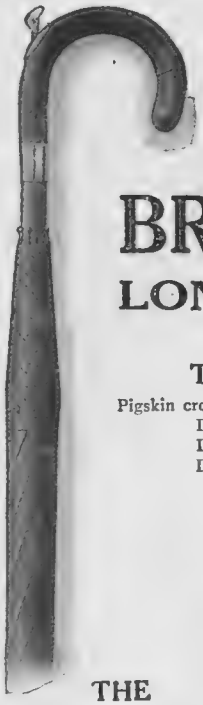
Telephone: Mayfair 3238.

SPECIAL DESIGNS IN CHILDREN'S PARTY AND DANCE FROCKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Becoming Dance Frock for the growing school-girl, in soft Sea-green Georgette.

9½ Gns.

Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference.



By Appointment

By Appointment

BRIGG & SONS
LONDON AND PARIS

THE RACING UMBRELLA.

Pigskin crook, plated gold pencil and band **85/-**
Do. do. do. Lady's **77/-**
Do. do. do. without mounts **58/-**
Do. do. do. do. Lady's .. **50/-**

THE "PERFECT" SEAT
(PAT.)

Pigskin Hammock, detachable rubber-edged disc.
In two sizes **45/-**
Do. With Umbrella **75/-**
Aluminium and rubber adapter (for hard surfaces) .. **3/6**

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MARCEL'S "SESAME"

Company have decided to reduce their price from **5/-** to **2/6** per wave or curler.

The highest standard of Beautiful PERMANENT WAVES & CURLS at 2/6

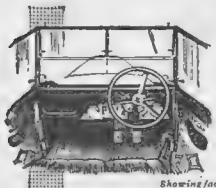
The Reason for this Great PRICE REDUCTION is that the latest SESAME process gives greater EFFICIENCY AND SPEED — each head of hair will take less time to permanently wave or curl.

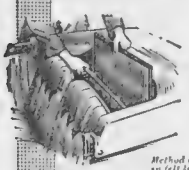
"Sesame" transforms all straight hair into natural wavy tresses in **7** minutes, no discomfort, no burning.

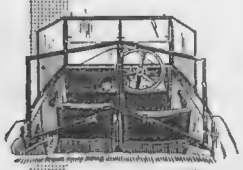
"Challenging Nature to a duel!
"Marcel's triumphantly produce this Jewel!"

MARCEL'S "SESAME" LTD.,
353, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.
JEAN METELSKI, Lloyd Street, LLANDUDNO.
RICKERT & TIETZE, 5, Lower George St., RICHMOND, S.W.
and some enterprising Hairdressers and Stores throughout the country.

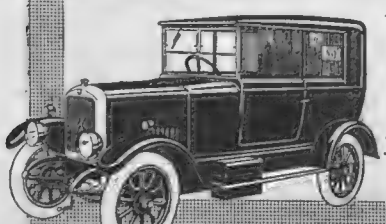
If unable to obtain in your district, write for address of nearest Agent, also photo reproductions of waved and curled heads.


Showing facia board, controls, pockets and screen wiper.


Method of storing side screens on felt lined locker.


Side screens on four seater adjusted as a V shaped rear screen.

Dicky seat opens with one revolving movement.



The Car that is different

Hillman
The Guaranteed Car

OPEN OR CLOSED CARRIAGE COMFORT
as occasion demands.

The patented Hillman rigid side screens form an all-weather equipment quite unique. When fully closed the Hillman All-weather Car has every appearance of a Saloon, and every comfort. When open-touring conditions are preferred the Hillman has the advantage. *Whatever the weather the Hillman is right.* The 1924 Models have many added improvements both in chassis design and body comfort, and the coachwork is as always distinguished by its quality. At the reduced prices of £350 for the Two-Three Seater and £358 for the Four-Seater the 1924 Hillman represents remarkable value. The famous Hillman Twelve Months Guarantee remains the same.

Catalogues and agent's names from
The HILLMAN MOTOR CO. LTD.
COVENTRY.

Hillman London Distributor,
143/149, GT. PORTLAND ST., W.1

Dunlop Cord tyres fitted to all Models

The SUCCESS of the SHOW

The Car that is different

H.P

Retain Youthful Beauty

The Scientific yet Commonsense Ganesh Treatments and Preparations have proved to women throughout the world that youthful Beauty of the Skin, Eyes, Figure, &c., can be restored and retained even in advanced years. Hundreds of genuine testimonials can be seen privately. Just make an appointment and prove these claims, or write for free booklet. Remember, there is a Ganesh Aid for every Beauty need.

Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Recently awarded the Gold Medal at the Antwerp Exhibition of Hygiene.

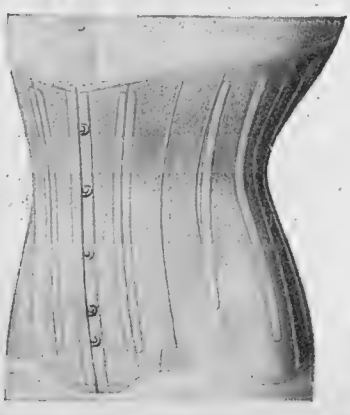
TRIAL SAMPLE BOX.
To prove the merits of the wonderful Ganesh Preparations a combination box containing Eastern Muscle Oil, Skin Tonic, Lily Lotion, Special Eastern Cream and Powder will be sent on receipt of **5/6** (post free).

The **Patent Ganesh Chin Strap** restores contours and removes double chins, **21/6** & **25/6**

GANESH BEAUTY BOX.
Containing Ganesh Eastern Oil, Diable Skin Tonic, Lily Lotion, Cream, Sachet and Bandalette, and Book of Sketches for Home Treatment, packed in handsome fitted enamel case, **21/6.**

Mrs. E. ADAIR,
(Dept. D) 92, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Telephone—MAYFAIR 3212
PARIS BRUSSELS NEW YORK

MEN'S CORSETS AND BELTS
of every description



Can be made from measures for those unable to call.

Measure forms on application.

These Corsets and Belts are ideal for supporting the figure and will be found a real boon to men suffering from internal trouble, or to the corpulent.

CORSETS from **£3 3 0**

Call or Write :—

Men's Belt Department
First Floor
47, South Molton St., W.1

THE 23-60 H.P. VAUXHALL 'CARLTON' ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE, £1270
A motor carriage of the best English construction. Designed for either owner or chauffeur driving.

VAUXHALL

Extreme Value in Best-class Cars

THAT British manufacturers can build the more expensive kind of car economically is well exemplified in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall.

The power development (on which everything else rests) exceeds 60 b.h.p. Its body space, 8 feet 8 inches, is ample for very roomy and solidly constructed closed or open bodies.

Its performance reaches the last degree of refinement. Distinguishing features are vibrationless engine running (secured by the action of the Lanchester harmonic balancer, a British invention); unusual rapidity of getting-away and acceleration; and remarkable top-gear flexibility. Every quality which the most critical driver can desire is provided.

Its price is £695. Comparison will show that for a large, high-powered chassis of the best type this price is extraordinarily low; and it is coupled with a tax of but £23, and a petrol consumption of about 20 m.p.g.

COMPLETE CAR PRICES

14-40 h.p. from	23-60 h.p. from	30-98 h.p. from
£595	£895*	£1220

*Four-wheel brakes £55 extra

Thus in every way the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall assures to users of large best-class cars extreme value for money. Nowhere can they buy to better advantage

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
LONDON: 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines) Telegrams: Whirling Phone London
London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit Street, W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6210)

You can have the slim figure demanded by modern fashion without departing from your ordinary regime

ALL that is necessary is a pleasant course of hot baths with a small handful of—

"Cyclax"

VIOLET RAY REDUCING BATH SALT

Price 7/6 per bottle.

Sufficient for twelve delightful lavender perfumed baths.

Even after one bath a definite reduction of weight is noticeable. An invaluable tonic bath for those who suffer from acidity and rheumatism.

Write for a complimentary copy of Mrs. Hemmings valuable book, "The Cultivation and Perservation of Natural Beauty."

"CYCLAX"
(A)
13 & 14, New Bond Street, W.1
Telephone: Regent 2563.
58, South Molton Street, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3972.

THE NEW HAIR BEAUTY SERVICE

Safety
Comfort
Cleanliness

Quick
Lasting
Beneficial

The wonderful ***Craig Wireless Permanent Waving Process*** is the latest, most satisfactory, and most deligh fully thorough method yet introduced. It has been enthusiastically reviewed by the Press and accorded a great reception by the realm of women who want the best, the safest, the most comfortable and the most pleasing, natural and lasting Permanent Waving.

Electricity entirely superseded. The use of Borax done away with. No cylinders—wires—switches, etc., etc.

You are cordially invited to inspect the dainty appliance and to witness the many untold advantages this New Era Service represents. If unable to call, please write for further particulars.

Read what the famous actress, YVONNE ARNAUD, says:

Monsieur Ernest, 15th Octo er, 1923.

I am writing to tell you that I am very pleased indeed to have had my hair permanently waved this time with your Non-Electric Craig System. I never had the fear to have my head burnt by the carlers, and the result is most satisfactory.

With all my thanks, yours very truly, G. YVONNE ARNAUD.

MAISON SPECIALE

By Special Appointment. Under Royal Patronage.

ERNEST DURR, *Hair Specialist,*

Winner and Holder of International Fashion Challenge Trophy and 19 Gold Medals and Diploma Awards.

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Phone: Mayfair 2025.

LADIES ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE

NURSES' SALOON

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ALL KINDS OF
COATS, CLOAKS, HATS, BONNETS, CAPS, APRONS, DRESSES, &c.
ALSO
EVERY REQUISITE
FOR THE
NURSERY
SICK ROOM and Accouchement ABDOMINAL and SUPPORT BELTS.

The "Amhurst" Coat. Prices from **52/3**
Particulars and Patterns post free

☞ Write for A USEFUL BOOK OF REFERENCE appertaining to The Mother—Nurse—and Nursery, Etc., Post Free.

Please Note—
ONLY LADY ASSISTANTS ARE EMPLOYED IN THE NURSES' SALOON

GARROULD'S SANDRINGHAM COAT ☞
Specially designed for Nurses, Lady Doctors, Dispensers and Masseuses. In good quality White Drill, in three sizes. Bust Measurement only required.

12/11 and **18/6**
Post free

N.B.—This Coat may be seen in the Nurses' Saloon, Surgical Dept.

E. & R. GARROULD,

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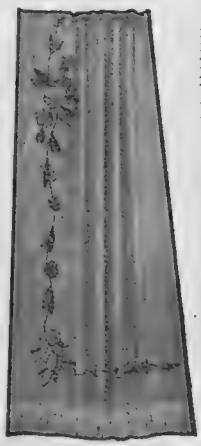

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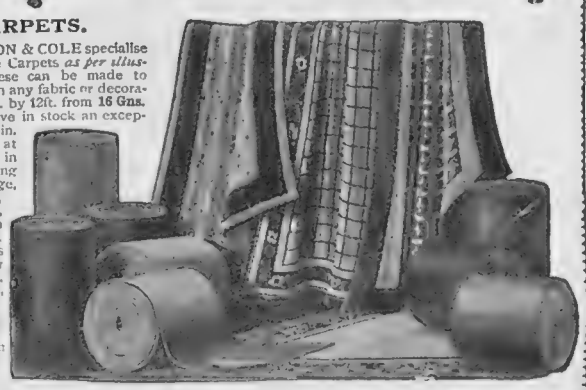

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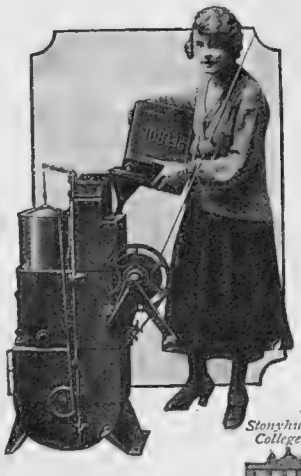

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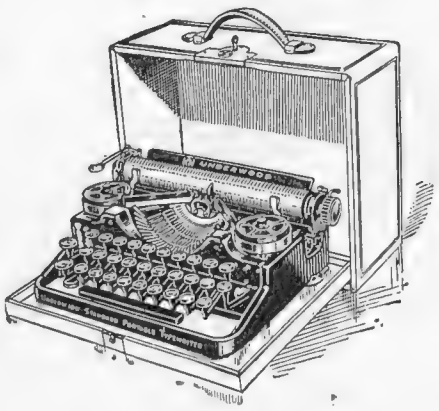

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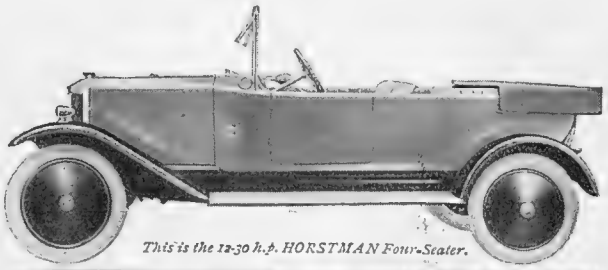

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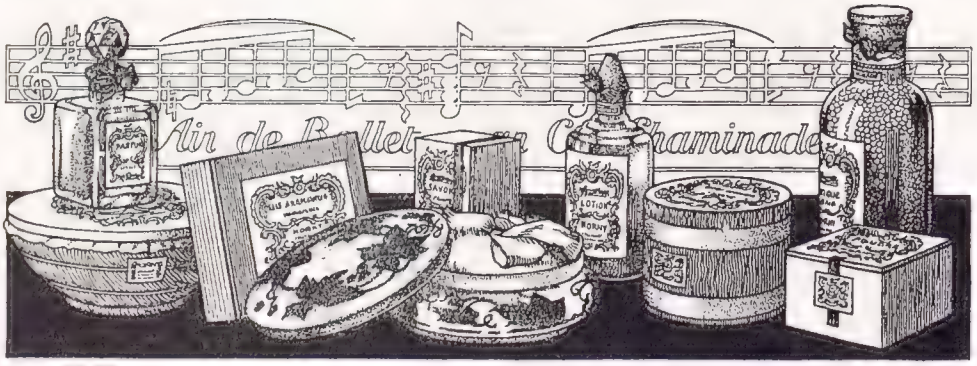

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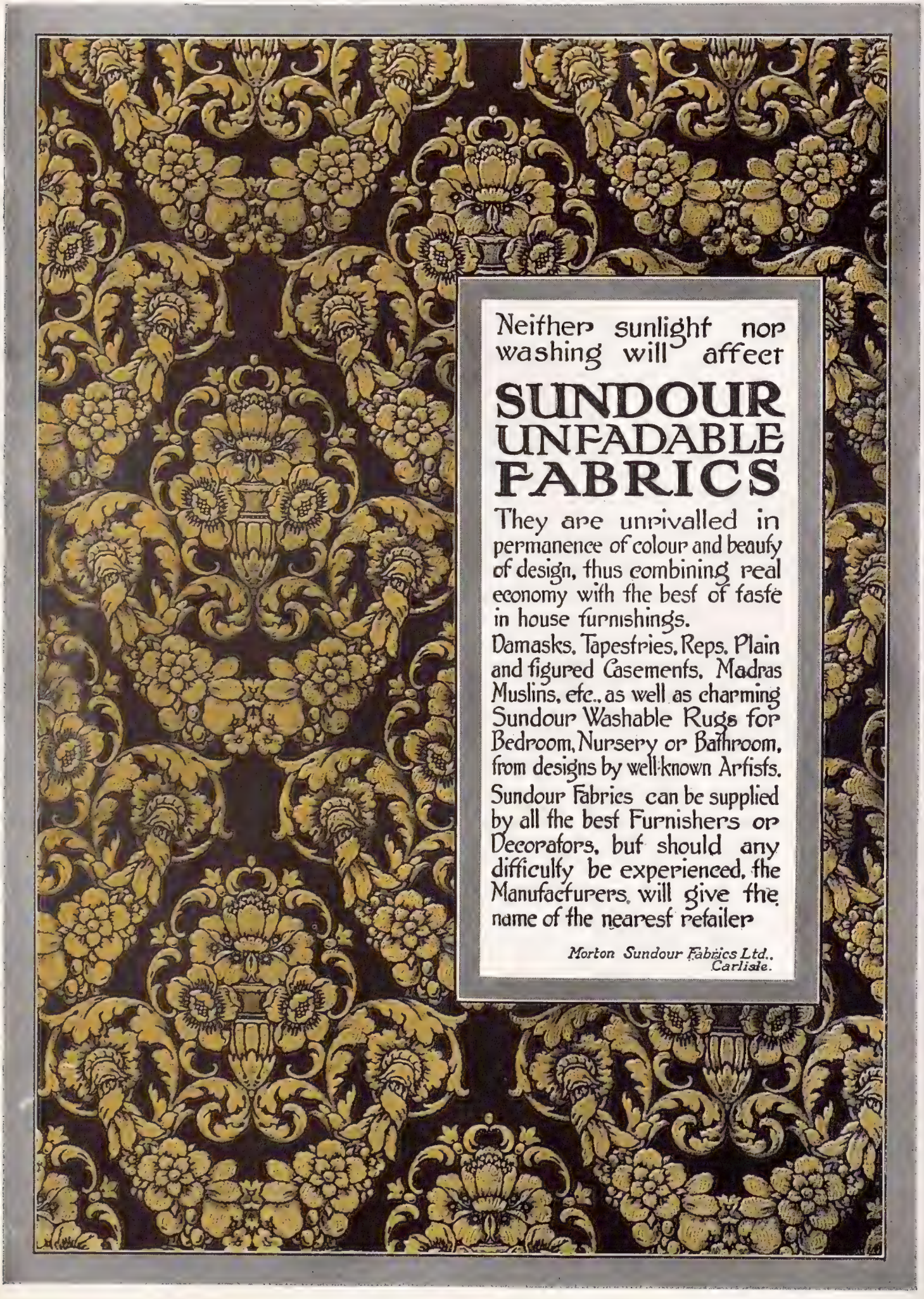
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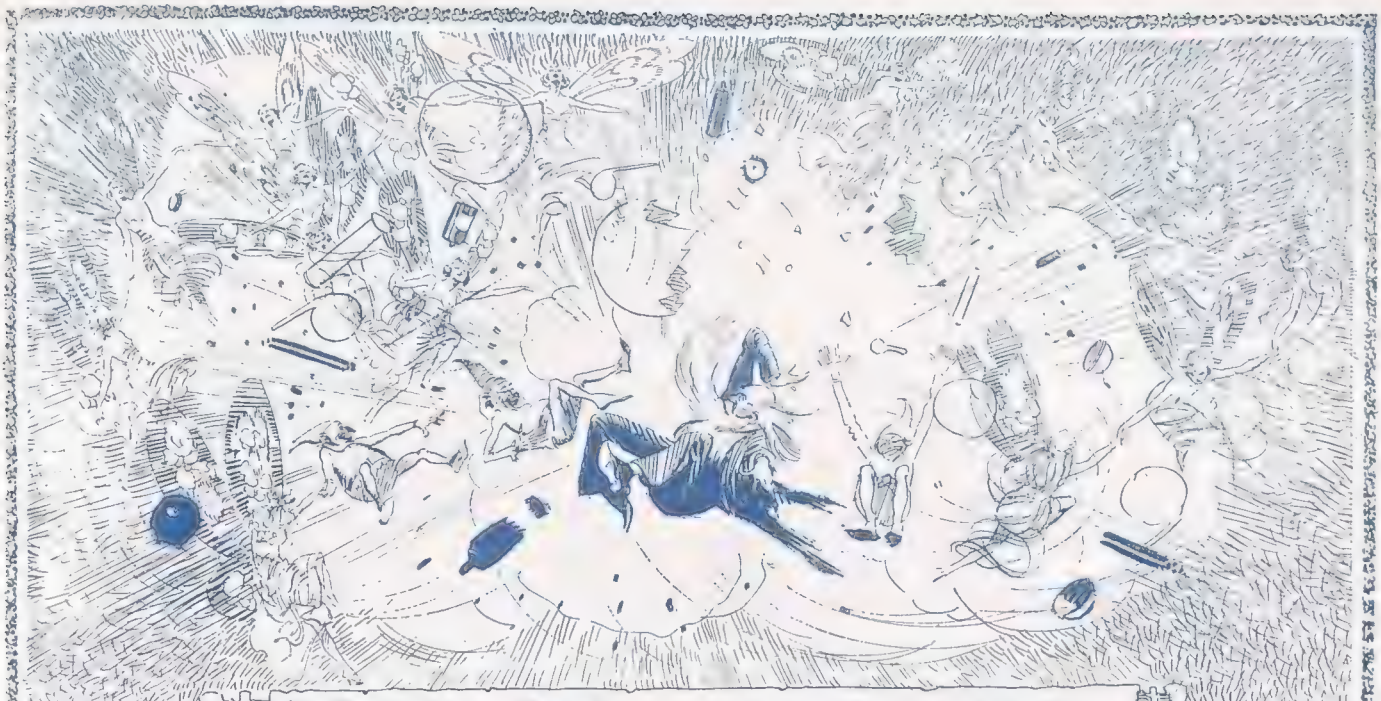


PROLOGUE.

THE Whiskery One sat at his bench in the laboratory, surrounded by carboys and chemicals. Before him stood a retort containing a bubbling fluid, which he was heating by means of a blow-pipe and burner.

"What are you doing?" I asked him, curiously.

"I am analysing the Christmas Spirit," he replied.

"But," I protested, "surely a spirit is an intangible thing. You can't ——"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Whiskers, with a prodigious puff at his blowpipe. "You are merely echoing the vague sentimentalities of an irrational and unscientific age. I have almost completed my investigations into the composition of Christmas. Some of the ingredients I can already give you." Here he consulted his note-book. "Yes. Here are my data. Humbug, five parts; spurious emotion, five parts; overeating, ten parts——"

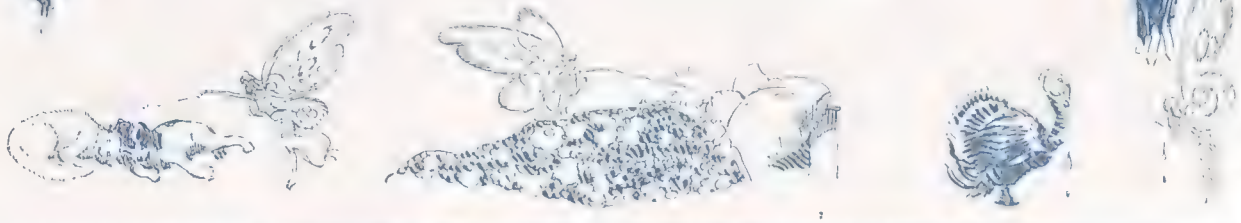
"I disagree," I interrupted, warmly. "I have always looked on Christmas as a good time——"

"There you are," sneered Whiskers. "Dickens and water, twenty parts. No, sir. To-day we have no use for childish myths and illogical fancies. The foolish old idea of Christmas is exploded——"

Bang! At the word "explode" there was a blinding flash and a terrific roar. The retort had blown up. For a moment the place was filled with dense smoke, and from the rift came voices and peal after peal of elfin laughter, sweet as the sound of silver bells. Magically the smoke cleared, and I saw, dancing in a ring, their wings rainbow-jewelled, thousands upon thousands of tiny fairies, gnomes and elves. And this is what they sang:

Here's the man who tried to throttle
Beauty in an acid bottle;
Tried to trap our fairest dreams
(Woven from the bright moonbeams);
Tried to keep the Good, the True
In a box marked "Litmus" (blue);
Said that Love and Children's glee
Were reduced to formulæ.

Doubly dull and foolish man!
Do you really think you can
Docket Christmas as a fable—
Pack it with a chemist's label?
If you had a massive chest,
Tall and broad as Everest,
Bound with hard, cold fact and figure,
Capable of growing bigger—
If it grew a mile a minute,
You couldn't stifle Christmas in it!



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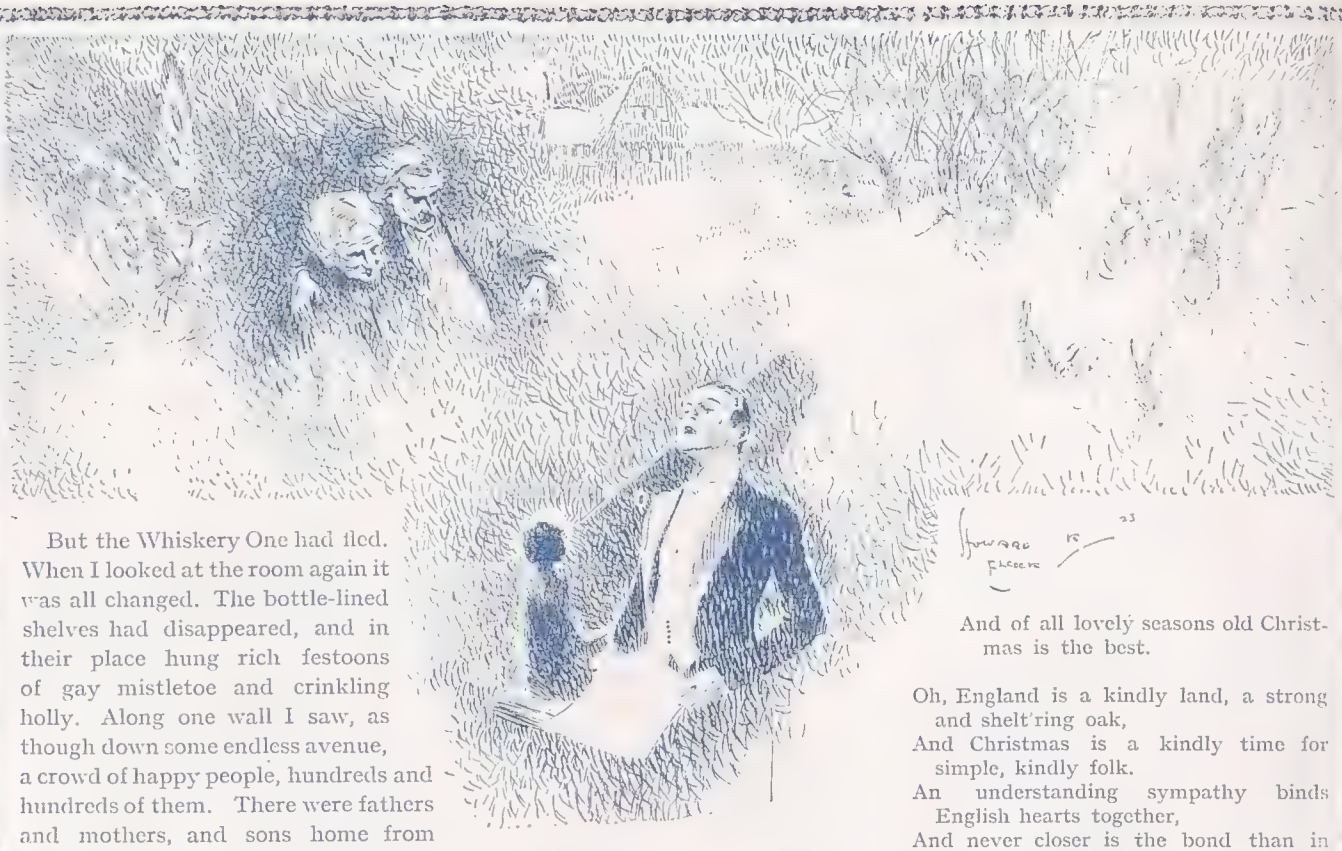

But the Whiskery One had fled. When I looked at the room again it was all changed. The bottle-lined shelves had disappeared, and in their place hung rich festoons of gay mistletoe and crinkling holly. Along one wall I saw, as though down some endless avenue, a crowd of happy people, hundreds and hundreds of them. There were fathers and mothers, and sons home from abroad, and bright-eyed lovers and smiling friends. There were old enemies, too—old enemies who were shaking hands and saying in one breath: "Not a bit of it, my dear fellow; it was my fault entirely." And from this merry throng came strange music. It was the strangest and sweetest music I had ever heard. In it there was something of the twittering of birds, something of the pealing of old church bells, something of the lilt of fairy pipes, and, more beautiful than all, something of the laughter of happy, happy children. Then, as the harmony ceased, there stepped forward from this merry company a jovial, rosy-cheeked fellow, who sang in a rich, deep baritone:

Oh, England is a goodly land, a land of honest pride,
And Yuletide is a goodly time before the warm fireside.
We love the strength of England's hills the verdure of her dells;
We love the messages of cheer that ring from Christmas bells.
For of all lands old England stands out above the rest,
And of all goodly seasons old Christmas is the best.

Oh, England is a lovely land of streams and wayside flowers,
And Yuletide is a lovely time, compact of smiling hours;
We love the land where meadow-sweet abounds in leafy lanes;
We love the time when jewelled frost adorns our window-panes.
For of all lands old England stands out above the rest,
And of all lovely seasons old Christmas is the best.

Oh, England is a kindly land, a strong and shelt'ring oak,
And Christmas is a kindly time for simple, kindly folk.
An understanding sympathy binds English hearts together,
And never closer is the bond than in bright Christmas weather,
For of all lands old England stands out above the rest,
And of all kindly seasons old Christmas is the best.

. . . . . .

The song ceased. The crowd faded into a thin mist. Last of all, the singer seemed about to fade, too. As he was going I noticed that he had dropped near me a brightly covered volume.

"Hi!" I called, "you've dropped your book!"

"That's all right," he replied, cheerily. "Hand it on to your friends. They'll like it."

And so, my friend, here it is. I know you'll like it. You wouldn't want to disappoint a jolly fellow like that, would you? A. A. THOMSON

Photograph CHRISTMAS IN A TRADITIONAL SETTING [*Will Cadby*

Good, "old-fashioned" Christmas weather, with all the accompaniments of snow-covered earth and ice-covered water, is a certainty among the mountains and hills of Switzerland. The visitors to the skating rink at Klosters can always celebrate the season in time-honoured, Dickensian manner

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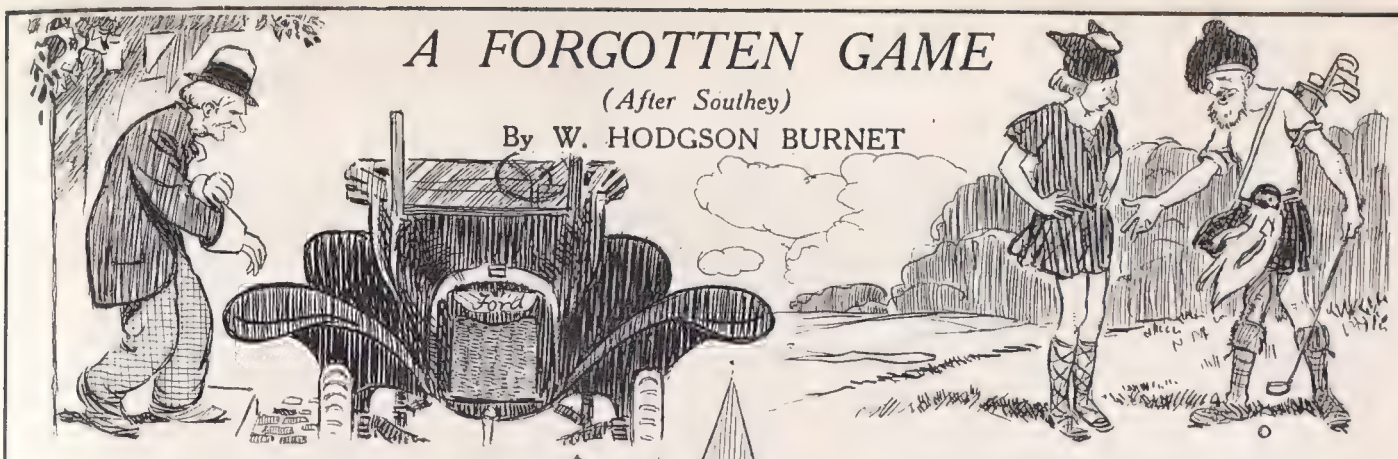
THE RETURN OF PIERROT

Baby demands all
that is purest
Give him Pears!

A FORGOTTEN GAME

(After Southey)

By W. HODGSON BURNET



[Motoring and flying will, in the near future, be within the means of nearly everybody, and we very much doubt whether fifty years hence golf will be played at all.—DAILY PAPER.]

IT was a summer evening,
Old Gasper's work was done,
And with his Ford before the door
Was ready for a run,
And in her baby limousine
So was his grandchild Eveline.

SHE saw her brother Archibald
Kick something small and round,
Which he among some bracken roots
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found
That was so black and small and round.

OLD Gasper took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head
With reminiscent sigh—
"'Tis some poor golfer's ball mayhap
Lost in an Autumn Handicap.

"I FIND them all about the place,
There's hundreds here about,
And when I dig the garden up
I often turns 'em out.
For crowds of golfers played, old chap,
In every Autumn Handicap."

"BUT tell me what 'twas all about,"
Young Archibald he cries,
And little Eveline looked up
With wonder and surprise.
"Yes, tell us why on earth they came
And how they played this silly game!"

"IT was the Scotch," old Gasper cried,
"Who introduced the game,
Though I could never quite make out
The way they played the same.
But every corner of the map
Would have its Autumn Handicap.

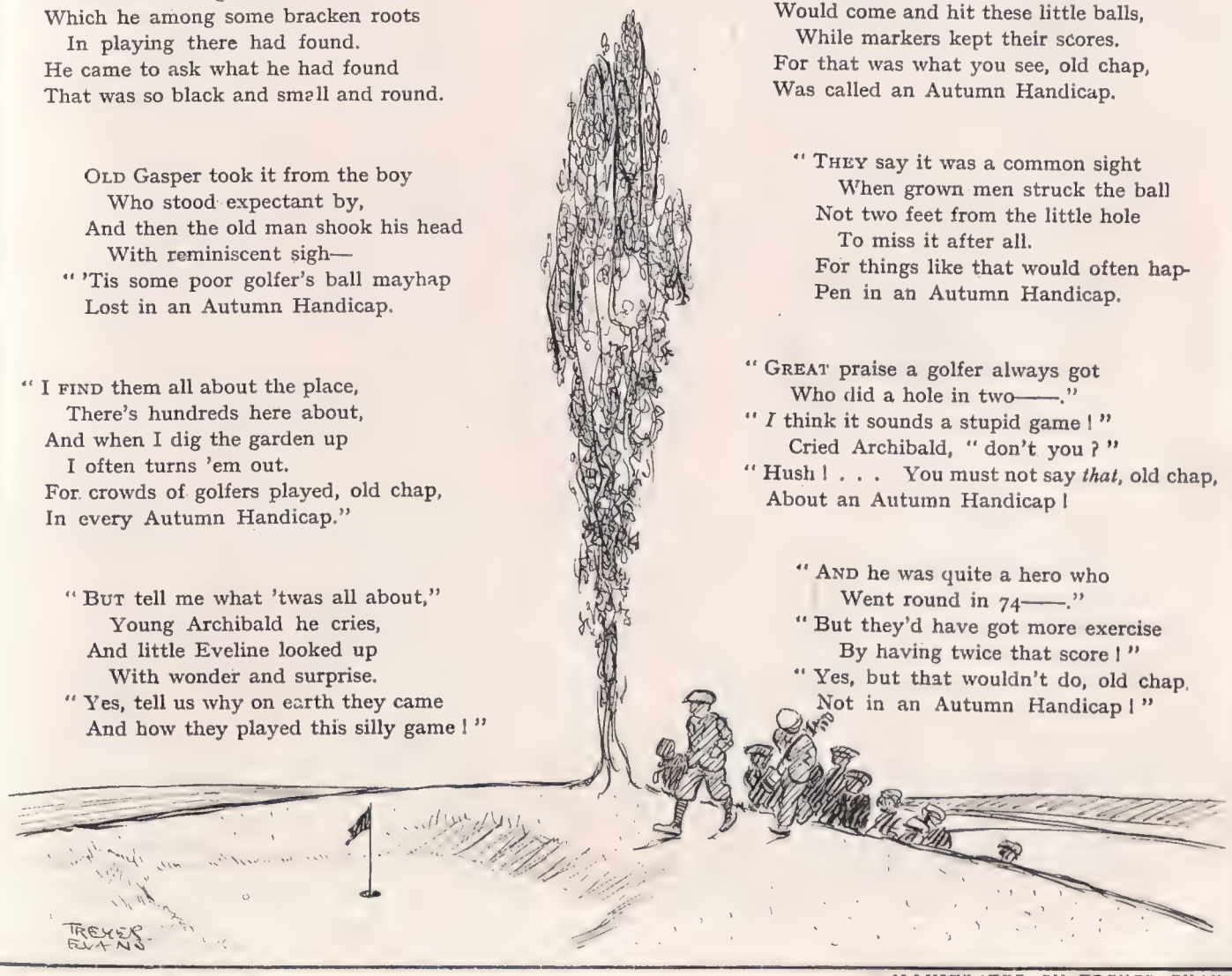
"MY father lived at Walton Heath,
A famous course, I'm told,
And at the clubhouse was a shop
Where balls like this were sold.
And curious weapons, too, they had
With which they struck the balls like mad.

"AND crowds of funny-looking men
In things they called 'plus fours,'
Would come and hit these little balls,
While markers kept their scores.
For that was what you see, old chap,
Was called an Autumn Handicap.

"THEY say it was a common sight
When grown men struck the ball
Not two feet from the little hole
To miss it after all.
For things like that would often hap-
Pen in an Autumn Handicap.

"GREAT praise a golfer always got
Who did a hole in two——."
"*I* think it sounds a stupid game!"
Cried Archibald, "don't you?"
"Hush! . . . You must not say *that*, old chap,
About an Autumn Handicap!

"AND he was quite a hero who
Went round in 74——."
"But they'd have got more exercise
By having twice that score!"
"Yes, but that wouldn't do, old chap,
Not in an Autumn Handicap!"



ILLUSTRATED BY TREVER EVANS

My Delicate Aerial

A TRAGEDY OF

—Modern Style

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

CHRISTMAS EVE

A Distinct "Make-Up"

BY STAN TERRY

"I'd like to kiss you, but I see your powder"
"Well, you needn't rub it in!"

PAUL SARATOF REDISCOVERS HIMSELF.

By Warwick Deeping

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAM

He had become a familiar figure at Cap d'Or, he and his dog. The two were to be seen most mornings on the sea-wall under the pines, the man scraping out melancholy Russian tunes on his violin, while the dog sat up and begged whenever anybody passed. The man's eyes were brown, the spaniel's the colour of honey, but in expression the eyes of dog and man resembled each other, suggesting the same gentleness and a pathetic acceptance of life's inversions. The dog carried a tin on his collar, and when a passer-by dropped a coin into it the dog saluted with his right paw, and the tall old man unbent in a slight bow.

People hardly troubled to ask themselves who the old fellow was and whence he came. He and his dog were just a couple of beggars, but gentle beggars, pleasantly unaggressive. Miss Blight, of the Villa Pamponia, who mothered the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Cap d'Or, had tackled the old man and asked him innumerable questions.

"I hope you are kind to your dog."

The violinist had replied in good French.

"He is my only friend, madame."

"You feed him properly?"

"He has what I have."

"And where do you come from?"

"From Russia, madame."

The old fellow had drawn himself up, and for once his eyes had ceased to be gentle, for Miss Blight was a woman who roused the devil when she went about praising God.

Mrs. Margaret Flemming's garden, stretching serenely above the roadway behind its creeper-covered balustrades and its rows of cypresses, overlooked the little grove of pines where the beggar and his dog stood for alms. Mrs. Flemming had a white marble belvedere here, a white oriel jutting out between the cypresses, and stained purple with the blossom of a bougainvillæa. When tired of gardening and of the idiosyncracies of Pierre and Anatole, her two elusive gardeners, she would come to the belvedere, carrying a green velvet cushion and a book. More frequently than not the book remained unread, for Mrs. Flemming preferred life on its highway to life on paper, and Cap d'Or was full of life. Being a lonely woman, she was fond of watching other people; not that she expected to cure her loneliness by watching them, for certain vicissitudes and disharmonies had persuaded her to prefer loneliness to that maze of misunderstanding which we call marriage. Mrs. Flemming had tried it twice, and had ended by marrying her garden.

Up to this white niche in the green cypress wall drifted the plaintive Russian melodies that old Saratof drew from his violin. It was like the wind in the pines in the great spaces of Muscovy. She saw his figure foreshortened, the big black boots, the trousers bulging at the knees, one lean wrist and hand swaying to and fro, the bronze-coloured violin tucked under out-jutting chin and hat-brim. The pines threw soft shadows over him and the amber-eyed spaniel. Sometimes he would throw his head back and look up, but with eyes of vagueness, inattentive, uncalculating.

"Poor old thing!" she would say; "one of the failures."

Yet, she would remind herself that he was no older than she was, and if finance had made his life a failure, financiers had speculated with the happiness of hers. Two rather dull husbands, both endowed with that curious and concentrated dullness which appears to collect money!

He interested her, he and his dog.

Twice a week she allowed herself a little promenade as far as the old hermitage on the cape, and on the way home she would present the spaniel with a silver franc. She would pat the dog's head. But she and the violinist never exchanged a single word. They would look at each other shyly, and in his eyes there was a shrinking aloofness that communicated itself to hers. He might be gentle in his disillusionments, but he was still a creature of humiliations. His clothes and his patched boots cringed, even if he did not. Circumstances dominated him. He had the air of a proud man who suddenly had found himself in rags, picking crusts out of the gutter, and he was still shocked and bewildered by the catastrophe. In fact, he had the air of a child who would never emerge from this nightmare of tragic bewilderment. His seediness seemed permanent. He would die wrapped up in it, being too old to renew both his soul and his clothes.

"He must have suffered," she thought; "he must have suffered greatly."

Later, she made the discovery that if she was interested in this gentleman beggar—the beggar was interested in her garden. She made the discovery quite by chance one evening, when looking down from the upper terrace towards the great iron gate. Mrs. Flemming was rather proud of the view from the gate, but her love for it was greater than her pride, and there he stood with his dog, looking in at the green lawn with the statues spaced about it under the shadows of the trees. There was dignity here, repose, mystery, the interplay of light and shadow upon the grass and upon the marble figures, and old Saratof stood looking in as upon a world that he had lost, a world of beautiful ease and noble reticences, of gentle and wise selfishness, of sensitive silences which a newspaper democracy does not understand.

Later still she discovered that he stopped at the gate daily, and stood solemnly gazing—his hat in his hand—like a peasant at the gate of a shrine. Even the dog had accepted the regular recurrence of the incident, for he sat down on his stumpy tail with an air of consenting sympathy.

Mrs. Flemming stooped to a surprise. She came down the winding path between the flowering shrubs, and added herself to the vista. She was in white, an antique, but a quite

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beautiful antique. She had grown old pleasantly, like a garden.

She smiled at the shabby figure. He had an air of being confused and of wishing to sneak away, and somehow his poor furtiveness hurt her. He had his hat in his hand, that deplorable old hat.

"Yes, it looks best when the sunlight comes through the trees."

He gave her a half-frightened glance.

"Yes, madame. It is so peaceful."

"Ah—what we all long for—now, and so few of us can get. You are fond of gardens?"

He made a sort of stammering noise. It was such a long time since a woman of refinement had spoken to him as to an intelligent equal. Most people classed him with his dog, yes—and were far politer to the spaniel.

"I love gardens, madame."

She smiled.

"The Bible began with a garden. And — you — perhaps——"

He looked sorrowful.

"Once—yes—I had a garden."

"And where was that?"

"On the shores of the Black Sea. Yes—and I had statues and noble trees——"

She was about to say something sympathetic when he covered his head with his deplorable hat, bowed to her with the air of an aristocrat, and fled. He was running away from being pitied, and from the patronage that is pity's ugly sister. The spaniel waddled briskly in his fugitive shadow. They disappeared together round the grey angle of the terrace wall.

Mrs. Flemming held her breath.

"I do believe that he thought that I thought he was going to beg."

She wandered slowly across the shadow flecked lawn.

"A man who has to wear a hat like that! Gentleness and pride!"

On Sundays the Russian formed one of an orchestra at a somewhat disreputable drinking-house, where people of the lowest class danced with much vigour and noise. Saratof did not take his dog with him to this place, for his dog was a clean animal who knew how to behave, and if Saratof loved his dog he hated people who bawled and screeched, and whose clothes were much too fragrant. He had cause to hate that particular class, and to fear it. He hated this Sunday festival, and he would sneak into the place with his hat on his eyes, and his violin wrapped up in an old pillow case.

One Sunday he was observed. A carriage drove past as he was in the act of diving for the doorway, and the eyes of two people met. Saratof paused as though paralysed. The woman in the carriage had bowed to him at the very moment when he was about to enter that doorway.

He pulled off his hat, walked on rapidly as though he had nothing to do with the drinking-house, and did not stop until he had reached the end of the street. He was trembling. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure that the carriage was out of sight.

"There are some things that no stomach can digest," he reflected.

Turning, he reapproached the detested doorway. He was late. He could hear the silly shouting and singing, and the scraping of heavy boots. And the stench of garlic, sawdust and rank tobacco! No, he would not sell the soul of a dog in such a place.

Saratof went off home, if a room at the top of a six-story building can be called home. Arrived there, he did a most unusual thing. He put his violin away, removed the tin mug from Stefan's collar, and took the dog for a walk.

Mrs. Flemming saw him pass along the road to the cape, and she was capable of realising that this was a promenade of pleasure, and that both Saratof and his dog were off duty. She could see thus far, but no further, nor was she able to estimate the effect her bow had had upon a seedy old fellow surprised in the act of entering a particular doorway. It had astonished him; it had turned him back from that place where a refugee sold his music to fools for a couple of francs.

Mrs. Flemming had brought her green cushion, and her book, to the belvedere, and she waited for Saratof's return, and presently she observed him and the dog coming slowly back along the loops of the road. It occurred to her to wonder whether Saratof would pause and take his usual stand at her gate. He was a shy and elusive creature, easily frightened; Stefan the dog had far more confidence and aplomb.

She decided to address herself to the dog, and going down she set both leaves of the iron gate wide open, and diverging, took her stand by one of the statues. Her white dress mingled with the whiteness of the figure, and when Saratof came to the open gate, he had the sun in his eyes, and for a moment he did not see her. Mrs. Flemming recognised her opportunity and accepted it. She approached the gate under cover of the trees, and almost before Saratof realised her presence she was conducting a friendly conversation with Stefan.

"Well, old fellow, I hope you have enjoyed your walk?"

Stefan was a gentleman; he sat up on his stumpy tail and saluted, and on Mrs. Flemming extending a hand, he shook a paw.

Saratof had raised his hat. Both his eyes and his tongue were inarticulate and troubled. He had done a most rash and audacious thing this day in prizing

"Mrs. Flemming saw him pass along the road to the cape"

his poor pride above the value of two francs, and he had done it because a woman in a carriage had bowed to him. And here he was, with his shabby, sensitive soul, standing in her gateway, terribly afraid that she meant to give him money.

She did nothing of the kind. She asked him whether he would like to see her garden.

He stammered.

"It would be a great pleasure, madame——"

She smiled, suddenly aware of his cleanness, and glad of it. His clothes might be threadbare, but his collar was white, and she noticed the almost meticulous niceness of his hands. And he had shaved.

"Please come in and bring your dog."

He entered, hat in hand, Stefan waddling beside him. On the edge of the lawn she paused as though she had remembered something.

"We do not know each other's name. Mine is Flemming, Madame Flemming."

He hesitated, while her eyes encouraged him.

"This is Stefan," he said, giving the dog a gentle cuff with his hat. "My name is Saratof, Paul Saratof."

"Monsieur Saratof? Or am I mistaken? Were you not a soldier?"

He made a movement of the head.

"Colonel Saratof—in the old days."

"Colonel Saratof—still—I think."

She took him round her garden, and showed him all her particular loves, her orange grove, where the anemonies bloomed under the trees, her roses, her borders of nemesia, wallflowers and stocks. He gazed at everything and said very little; he still appeared a little bewildered as though he were walking in some other world, the world of a dream. Colonel Paul Saratof had come to life in place of Saratof the beggar; once again he was the man of cultured pride and of sensitive appreciation. It was delightful, but it tantalised and hurt him, because the Colonel Saratof of yesterday seemed dead, while Saratof the penniless refugee and beggar was the reality.

He may have been unaware of the change in himself, but Margaret Flemming observed it. He was a little more conscious of what he had been, and not quite so conscious of what he was. His eyes lost their frightened look, and somehow those clothes appeared less shabby on the resurrected body of Saratof the soldier.

When she had showed him the garden she took him up to the terrace and made him sit down in the sun. Stefan curled himself at the old man's feet. A servant appeared with tea, and Saratof had his tea milkless and sugarless, but with a slice of lemon in it.

He was moved. It was quite absurd that a man's eyes should grow moist over a slice of lemon in a cup of tea, and that his hand should tremble.

"Madame, your thoughtfulness is as charming as your garden."

Some of his old manner had come back. He got up and bowed to her, and his poor old clothes suddenly became splendid.

"To think that such things are not dead!"

She passed him the plate of cakes, and then selected a particularly succulent one for Stefan the dog.

"To you—it must have seemed very much like mockery."

"O, no, not mockery," he said; "nothing that is beautiful can ever be mocking."

He sipped his tea. She felt that his surroundings soothed him, and that some of the dreadfulness of life had fallen away. He had lifted up his head to look sadly but steadily into the eyes of the past. He had suffered a great deal, but he was being reminded by the soft presence of this woman who loved flowers that there was nothing shameful in being poor. In fact, it may be much more shameful to be rich.

"How happy you must be, madame. There were days when I——"

"And you did not realise it!"

He gave her a swift smile.

"No. That was because I was happy."

"Well, it will come again. That tragedy may have stripped you of everything, but it is possible——"

She saw his eyes fix themselves on the dog.

"Stefan respects himself; he has his job, and for a dog——"

"He does it well. But—a man can do things well, certain things—if he loves them."

She paused—was about to speak, and paused again, caught by an idea.

"Does it matter what we do—provided that we love it and give our best? My gardeners—yes—the wretches, so much perfunctory labour given for so much pay. Hirelings! I loathe hirelings. A garden ought not to be cared for by hirelings."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"They do not really care——?"

"No."

"But what a pleasant life, in the sun, among these trees and flowers, planting and pruning and sowing seeds. Doing good things and no bad ones."

"Yes," she said, "a garden is like that. I put in five hours a day, but I have never yet found my ideal gardener. Perhaps——"

He swallowed the rest of his tea, and looked excited, and incredulous and confused. She was aware of his agitation, and wondered whether it arose from his appreciation of what was in her mind. To become a gardener, her gardener! Was he too old? Would he resent it?

And then she dared the offence.

"I am getting rid of both my gardeners; I know of a strong lad who is a worker, but I want a man who will have—the right feeling. Do you know of anybody?"

He stared hard at his dog.

"Yes, I do. But he is rather ignorant and rather old, impertinently ignorant."

"When one loves a thing—one learns. Besides, if one has ever had a garden and cared for it——"

"He gazed at everything and said very little"

His thin face flushed. He stood up, and with great dignity he bowed to her.

"Madame, I have the very great honour—to offer myself—as your gardener."

"Monsieur le Colonel—I accept."

And then she smiled.

"After all, does one's dignity suffer among flowers?"

"Madame," he said, "I think an old man might be able to replant his self-respect in a garden such as yours."

That was how the amazing thing happened. Mrs. Flemming sacked both her "fat white slugs," as she called them, hired a strong boy, and engaged Paul Saratof, ex-colonel, aristocrat, and beggar, as her gardener. He arrived at seven o'clock each morning, with Stefan at his heels, and he worked till six o'clock in the evening. His attitude to Mrs. Flemming was one of beautiful distance. Having solemnly bowed to her on the first occasion of their daily meeting, he silently effaced himself and became the gardener, a man with sensitive and skilful hands.

At the end of the first week she realised three things; that never before had her garden had such a gardener; that he knew much more than he had pretended to know; and that he was overworking himself. He was lean and strong for his age, but he gave of his strength with passion to this woman who had opened to him the gate of a new life.

Gently she remonstrated. She met him by the lawn of the statues as he was leaving at the end of the day. He was carrying the old bag in which he brought his lunch, and his face looked pinched and too much the colour of ivory.

"I wish you to work less hard."

"But—it is my wish—to give satisfaction, madame."

She smiled.

"I know; I appreciate that. But—please—I wish you to come at eight and to leave at five, and to take at least an hour off for your dinner, and perhaps half an hour in the middle of the morning."

"As madame wishes."

"Gardens are exacting."

"But madame is not. With me—it is a point of honour."

"I think I understand that," she said.

He obeyed her and shortened his hours, and as the days went by she became aware of the change in him. She saw another man reappear in Saratof the beggar, a man who went about his work with tranquil dignity, and whose eyes had ceased to be unhappy and afraid. The soul of him was putting out new growth. He was beginning to forget the blood and the horror and the humiliation in his passion for flowers and in his tending of them. Mrs. Flemming had never seen a hireling touch flowers as Paul Saratof touched them, with the tenderness of a caress. She began to count upon seeing the tall figure in its blue linen trousers and striped shirt moving about in the sunlight, its shoulders slightly bent, its eyes intent and interested. He had been something of a botanist, and he began to read at night books she lent him from her library, and they would discuss them together while his hands were with the flowers and his thoughts with their mistress.

Always he showed her a beautiful reverence, a homage that was not assumed. His gratitude was no nine days' wonder, fated to become like most gratitudes, something crawling and premeditated, sly and opportunist. He was happy to serve this woman who understood life so generously, and to whom he was gardener and gentleman in one.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Margaret Flemming should discover herself happier than she had been before. She had a friend, someone who thought as she did, who reacted to life as she reacted to it. And a garden is a place of gentle conspiracies, gossips, disinterested intimacies, consultations concerning delicate children. Nothing was done here that was not done by them in sympathy and with mutual enthusiasm and enjoyment. The planting of a new vine, or rose, or tree was a sacramental event which they shared.

A year passed, and Saratof had not changed, save that when he put his tools away he seemed to change his gardener's clothes for the uniform of the old soldier. He became the great gentleman, punctilious, courtly, devoted, a man who was happy in thinking her a very wonderful woman. And so she was. She had a right to all the homage he gave her, for it had been grown with happy inevitableness in her own happy garden.

It became her custom to make him take tea with her in the shade of the loggia or on the terrace where the cypresses tempered the sunlight. That was the end of his day's labour. He would go into the cottage, wash, change his blue trousers and striped shirt, and appear as the man of leisure. She understood that this was part of his homage.

They would sit and talk, sharing a philosophy of life as they shared the life of the garden.

Stefan would lie in the sun, watching them with his honey-coloured eyes.

"When will you two realise—?" he used to say.

But, of course, they had realised it months ago, but it was she who had to open the confession.

"My friend, a garden is not a garden—unless there is somebody else to enjoy it."

Obviously, they had to agree to enjoy it together.

WARWICK DEEPING

"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS" By ALFRED TAYLOR

BOBBY: "What the b—blank—da— * *!"
MOTHER: "Bobby *darling*! Wherever did you hear those *awful* words?"
BOBBY: "Santa Claus said them last night when he kicked the wardrobe"

BY H. H. HARRIS

CHRISTMAS "SPORTS"

The Wonderful Frog

By RICHARD VINER

"VERY warm," said the little man opposite me, and took his hat off.

"It is," I agreed.

"One of the hottest Christmas Eves I've ever known."

"I believe you're right," I said.

"But not quite. The hottest one I ever knew, sir, we baked mince pies in the open, and roasted chestnuts in the sun."

"In England?"

"No, that was in Africa, Central Africa, the land of swamps and forests, and butterflies as big as your hat, and cannibals and—and the human frog."

"The human what?" I said.

"The human frog, sir. It's rather an interesting story. How long before the train reaches Paddington?"

"'Bout half an hour, I should think."

"It's a tale of endeavour, sir," began the little man. "A tale of daring, a tale of two brave men and a faithful dog who went out to that White Man's Grave in the cause of science, in the struggle for zoological supremacy. They were physicists with a purpose, morphologists with a splendid mania, anthropologists with an ambition, and, between ourselves, they had an interest in the Brixton Pavilion where they intended to exhibit it."

"Exhibit what?"

"Why, sir, the human frog. The frog, sir, that could fly, sir, and swim, sir, and run, sir, the frog, sir, that was reputed to have a bigger vocabulary than any parrot, and an understanding far surpassing the common chimpanzee, sir."

"Is that a fact?" I said.

"It is, sir. And these brave men and the faithful dog set sail for the West Coast. You must remember it. The Press photographers lined up on the river banks all the way from London Bridge to "The Grey Lion" at Southend. For the boat was built like a forest, it looked like a floating Hyde Park, so the frog, sir, when they found it, could be lured aboard without his knowing it."

"An elusive animal, eh?"

"Elusive! When I tell you, sir, that the only man who ever saw it hadn't time to blink before it had vanished, you'll know if it was elusive or not. But to get back to the beginning. Directly they left the "Grey Lion" at Southend, they struck trouble. First they ran into a shoal of Channel swimmers and were nearly drowned, and then they had trouble from the air, yes sir, the air. The birds thought they were on an island and started to lay their eggs right upon the boat, but Jones, one of the scientists, had an idea. He got up one morning before those birds were awake, and he tied 'em all by their legs to the trees. And when those birds started flying, they took that island ship with them. Right into the air. Right away to Africa."

"But—but how did they know it was Africa, how did they manage to land?" I interrupted.

"How did they know it was Africa?" cried the little man, in amazement. "Why it's marked, isn't it? Plain as a policeman, A-F-R-I-C-A. They couldn't miss it. The way they managed to land was a pretty piece of work. Just as they got over the swamps where the frog was supposed to hide, they started cutting the string tying the birds to the branches, and as one by one they cut them, so gradually they sank. And, will you believe me, sir, they timed it so perfectly that they landed slap in a river, slap up against a pier that the natives used for making their naughty boys walk the plank. But, back to the frog, sir. They caught it, yes, sir, and it was Jones' idea. 'A drop o' port on that animal's nose, and he'll follow us to the end of the world—looking for the next drop,' argued Jones. So being thin, he got behind a big blade of grass, near to where the animal had been seen. He waited two days and two nights like that before it arrived."

"And he captured it?"

"He did, sir. Spotted his nose with port—vintage—and, odd and wonderful though it may be, that frog followed him back to the ship like a dog after its master. They set sail that night back to England, and were half way up the Channel and could see the Dover Boy Scouts coming down to meet them on the pier, when some china-headed stiff goes to the cellar and gives that frog a taste out of the bottle. Before you could say 'What's yours?' that frog had swallowed the lot, knocked the man down, and started on a barrel of the stuff which they'd kept for celebrating until they got home.

"And here, sir, my tale becomes a tragedy. Much as I hate to say it, that port was too much for the frog, he became, if you will pardon the expression, sir, tight. Five men tried to hold him back. He knocked them spinning to the other end of the ship, and with a terrific shout jumped into the sea."

"He was rescued?" I asked.

"No, sir, he has never been seen again from that day." I thought the little man was going to shed a few tears, then suddenly he brightened. "But, sir, there is a compensation for you who never saw it. There is a replica, a duplicate, and I have it." He produced a cardboard box and threw off the lid. "A beauty, sir, guaranteed to swim, jump, or run, sir. One and ninepence, in box complete. Ideal present for the kiddies!"

STUFF AND NONSENSE! By GRAHAM SIMMONS

Wife: "What shall we have for our Christmas dinner, dear? A turkey stuffed with sausage?"

Hubby: "H'm. How about a sausage stuffed with turkey?"

"Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of health."

MARTIAL.

This eloquent phrase expresses the purpose of

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

—to enable people to enjoy life by maintaining healthful conditions of body. For over half a century ENO'S "Fruit Salt" has been doing this with world-wide success.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING By Stan Terry

"I've written to Father Christmas, Mummy, and I think I've asked for all I want."
"What did you ask for, dear?"
"Oh, just two toyshops, one sweetshop and a motor-bike!"

THE RICHEST EVER

By

Basil Macdonald Hastings

"In the first place," said the richest man in the world, as he watched me uncapping my fountain pen, "I didn't begin in a small way. All other millionaires will tell you that they began in a small way. I didn't. I wouldn't know how. No, sir. I began big."

I begged to be allowed to refuse the cigar he offered me, saying that if I smoked it I should never be able to smoke again. He seemed gratified.

"Most millionaires will tell you that they had poor but humble parents. Stuff! They say they taught themselves to read and write. Gammon! I don't say it isn't true in some cases, but if true how shockingly misguided. There was nothing of that sort about me, sir. I had the good sense to have rich and proud parents, who sent me to public school and university, and died early leaving me £100,000 a year. That's the way to start being rich. If you can beat it, speak."

I shook my head. The smiles of the faces of the Gainsboroughs on the walls of the dining-room lengthened.

"My father was a man of ideas, although he never made as much money as I. It was his theory that there were many millions of defective people in the world, people who would rather spend their money on the idiotic and ornamental than the simple and practical. Hence the factories he instituted for the manufacture of Decorative Blotters and Monogrammed Pen-wipers. Then he did exceedingly well out of a Motto-For-Every-Day Calendar until a series of unexplained suicides brought him to a mood of remorse."

A footman brought wine and rosy fruit. But I shrank from the crystal goblet and the golden dishes. I seemed to see the life-blood of the victims of the Motto Calendars.

However, he soon plucked up heart again, and before he died had three foundries for Plated Silver Fern-pots in full swing. I've no doubt, young man, that you are under the impression that the bulk of humanity spends its energies in the pursuit of Food, Clothing, and Shelter. You are right; but you are wrong to ignore or overlook that mighty minority, composed of many millions, whose principal aspiration is the possession of fern-pots. My father reckoned that in these islands alone there are at least three million people with a fern-pot mind, and if these three million only bought twelve each in a year for themselves, and as 'seasonable gifts' . . . well, work it out for yourself. At any rate it made my father's fortune, aided substantially, I must admit, by the second and third most fatuous articles of British manufacture, namely, Tourist Writing-Cases, fitted with pockets and holders for things that are never put into them, and that supreme triumph of desipience, the *papier-mâché* ring for table napkins.

"Now if my father had lived, I can't help thinking he would have reached my ideas in time. He was getting very near them when he launched the Pseudo-Silver Fern-Pot. But after all,

(Continued on page 47)

BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE CHRISTMAS BOX

The Skin Game

BY STAN TERRY

CAVEMAN: "Hold my wrist-watch, Phyllis. I said you should have a set of furs for Christmas"

"THE RICHEST EVER" (*concluded*)

you can put a fern in a fern-pot, even if the original earthenware receptacle does stick over the top. Now, if I had handled anything of that nature I should have taken care that the pot was utterly unusable even for holding dead matches. For my success in life, young man, springs entirely from my gift, my genius, if you like, for manufacturing the unusable.

"The inspiration came to me one day when I was trying to turn off a tap. You know the type of tap, I'm sure. You have to turn the top round and round several times, but no matter how tightly you twist it, it won't stop dripping. Now there are taps like that in every home and in every public office. They are popular. There is a demand for them. Instantly I registered a vow to deal only in the inefficient, to be the sole seller of the futile, to specialise exclusively in nugacity.

"One day I will take you over my factories. Practically every branch pays. The dripping tap I began with soon swept all rivals from the market simply because I took the ordinary precaution of naming it the 'Anti-Drip.' All house-fitters realised at once that a tap with that name could be relied on to drip, no matter what twisting power were applied to it. I was soon known as the Drip King, and was cunning enough to express my genius in other spheres where dripping is possible. You know all those teapots and coffee-pots that dribble down the outside of the spouts? All mine. I experimented for years before I got the trick of it, and the popularity of the thing astounded me. I doubt if any of the big stores stock any but my pots now. Nine customers out of ten ask 'Does it drip?' and won't purchase till they have the salesman's assurance on the point.

"But what I was after right from the beginning was a government contract. My first shot was with Mangled Nibs for the G.P.O. You know those post-office pens, of course. They can be used for several purposes, but not for writing, as a portion of the point is broken off. I put in an estimate for the supply of even worse nibs than those in use, and I met with a sharp rebuff. An official pointed out that in the departmental view the nibs were perfect, and any expenditure on anything worse would be keenly resented by the taxpayer.

"I felt snubbed but I wasn't baffled. I vowed to get a Post Office contract or perish. And then my lucky star guided me in the direction of blotting-paper. Now Post Office blotting paper in those days was white or pink, and was thickly smeared with ink to rob it of any absorbent quality. But it was often possible to find an un-inked corner and more than one citizen was able to boast that he had blotted an inscription with the official issue. In the words of Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, I exclaimed, 'This will never do.' I experimented day and night, and at last produced a blotting paper incapable of absorbing anything, picric acid included. It was a nasty pale brown in character, and caused the most atrocious smudges to any wet writing to which it was applied.

"Need I tell the sequel? You have seen this blotting paper of mine in every Post Office, and on every other Bank counter. The officials were sceptical at first, but my prices fetched them, so keen are they to effect a public economy.

"I must bid you good-bye now as I have three Board meetings to attend. Anti-Suspenders for Socks, Non-Scissors for Nails and a Dis-Mower for Lawns. All doing nicely, thank you."

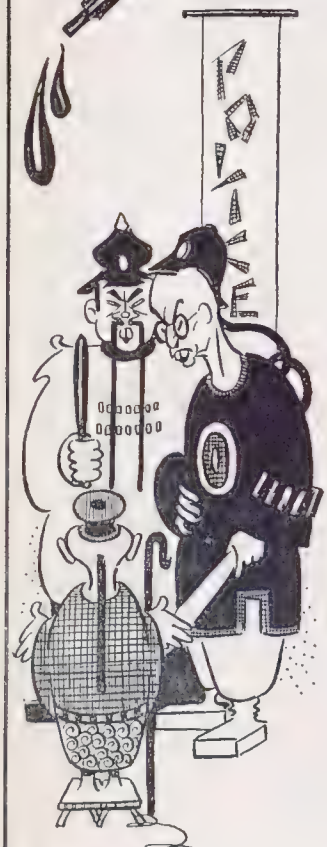
NO MAN'S LAND By Joseph Lee

Father Christmas: "They don't seem to want me here, they've got their barbed-wire up"

PUTTING PEP IN "BO-PEEP"

By VICTOR HICKS

[The Editor of The Bystander having broadcasted his wish world-wide for a better and more serious appreciation of the nursery classic, "Little Bo-Peep," presents a selection of the world's poetic replies which, with much pleasure, he adds to the already overflowing Bystander Christmas Basket.]



CHINESE VERSION

LILLA Bo Yi Peep
Loosee muchee sheep,
Cly and askee helpee alle P'lice;
She no bobbery make,
By 'me bye she wake,
Findee sheepe come back all oney piece.

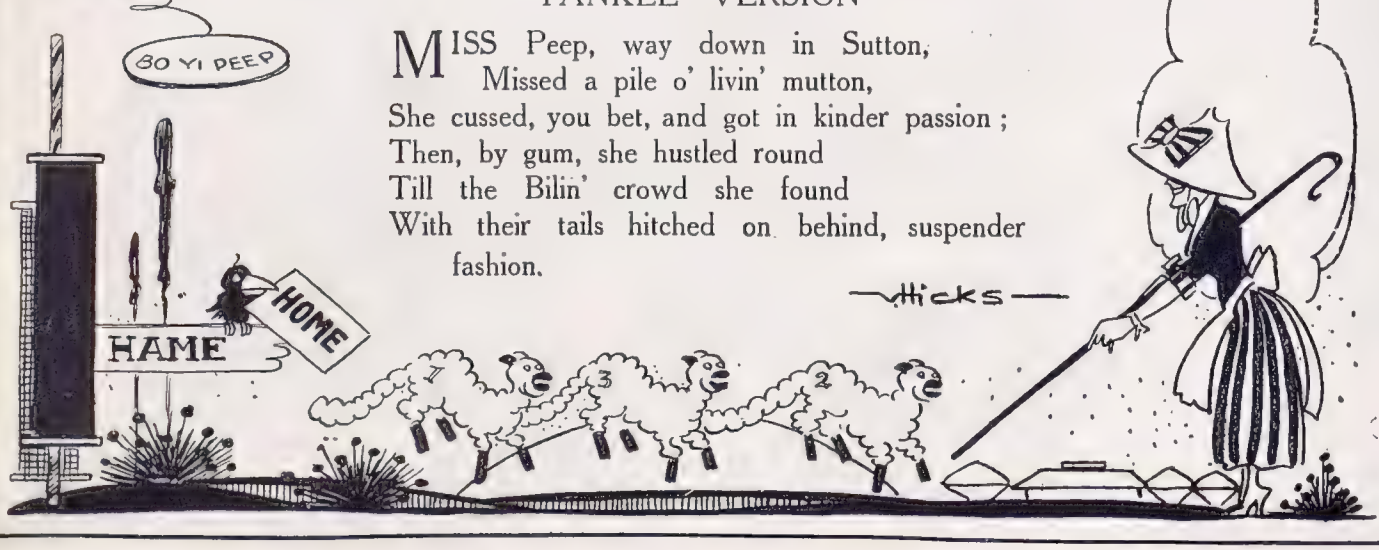
SCOTCH VERSION

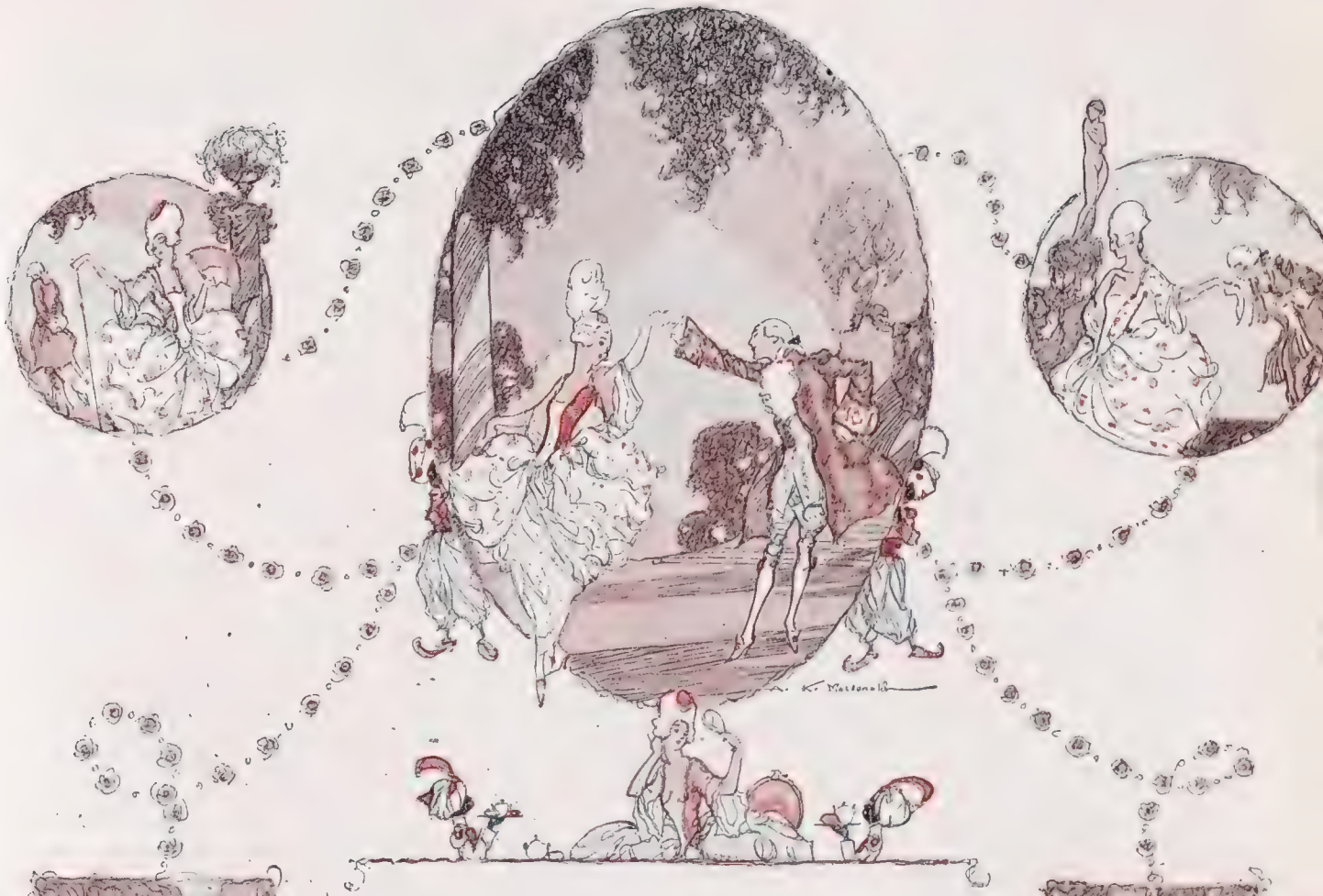
THE blue-eyed lass Bo-peep
Lost ower muckle sheep,
Cried: "Donald, can ye speer the noo their tracks hence?"
"Dinna fash," he said, "ye ken
That I've hid them 'yont the glen,
I'll tell ye whaur lass gin ye give me saxpence."

YANKEE VERSION

MISS Peep, way down in Sutton,
Missed a pile o' livin' mutton,
She cussed, you bet, and got in kinder passion;
Then, by gum, she hustled round
Till the Bilin' crowd she found
With their tails hitched on behind, suspender fashion.

—Hicks—

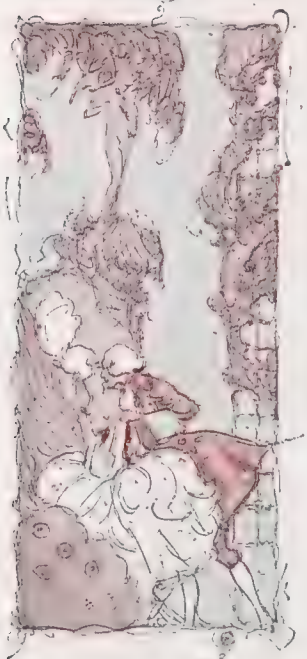


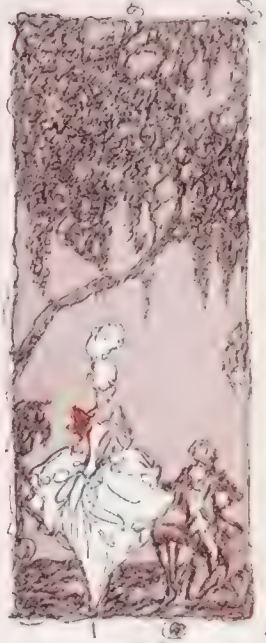


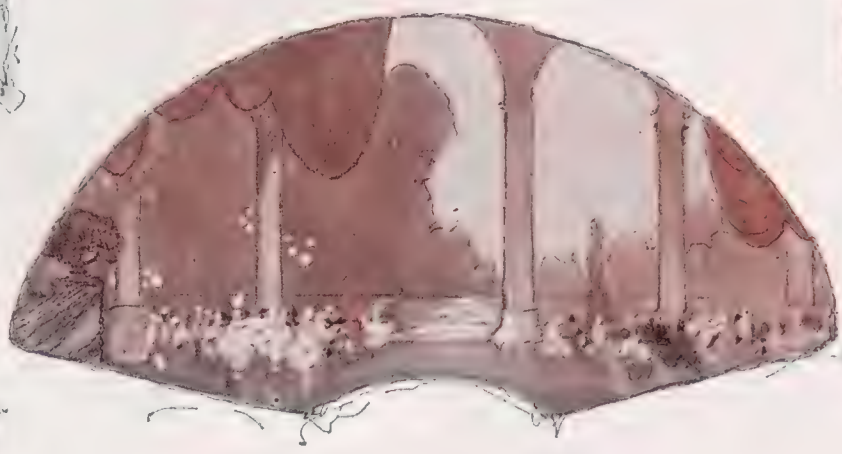
To Faire Ladyes To Be Merrie

Let's now take oure time,
While we're in oure prime,
And olde, olde age is afar off;
For evill, evill days
Will come on apace
Before we can be aware of.

—*Herrick*







BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Christmas Stocking.

by C. Hedley Barker.

Illustrated by CHARLES CROMBIE

Ross, the aluminium king, was intrigued by, and envious of, Faulkner, his valet. Faulkner was so obviously the thoroughbred. He had a *savoir-faire* not commonly associated with the rôle of "gentleman's gentleman." He put out the Rossian bags and shirts with the air of a patrician person performing in amateur theatricals. Ross, having received his education at an establishment notable only for its nearness to a famous soap factory, envied Faulkner his aplomb, his distinguished manners, his unfailing instinct for the right things and the right times. Your royalties of commerce are familiar with departments rather than deportment.

Faulkner was positively beautiful in his clothes — the pride of a Savile Row artist. He wore on the little finger of his elegant right hand a diamond set in platinum. The diamond was small enough to escape ostentation, and perfect enough to round off with singular felicity the Faulknerian *ensemble*. An expert might have detected that the gem was paste. Therein lay the singular felicity of its place on Faulkner's finger. Faulkner, too, was paste.

He had come to Ross with unimpeachable references. Two gentlemen of considerable substance and standing had given documentary testimony to the value of "James Charles Faulkner" as a valet. All of which proves that the getting and giving of references is the most glorious farce. Had Jimmy Faulkner applied to New Scotland Yard for a reference he would most probably have been "detained pending."

It is safe, therefore, to assume that behind the distinguished Faulkner's valeting was an ulterior motive. It was, in fact, the climax of a search he had been conducting for some time. His nerve having been shattered by a narrow escape from the consequences of a nocturnal "job"—actually, a policeman had handled him — he had decided to tackle nothing more which might offer complications. Something elementary was what he needed. In the situation presented by the assembly of a Christmas party at the house of his employer, Faulkner fondly hoped and believed that he had found it. The affair which he had planned promised to be an exercise for young ladies.

Ross being a bachelor, his Christmas parties were famed. They generally ran to a dozen or more, and were made up of what Ross termed "sporty boys" and the more accessible (and less able) actresses. They included the kind of thing which some plutocrats seem to consider indispensable to the proper performance of the occasion festive. Floral decorations at a fabulous figure, something after the style of the Cullinan diamond in the plum pudding and the pulling of a record bon-bon which should give up to the gaze of ravished beholders the exquisite person of Pepita Twinkletoes, attired *à la* ballet.

Faulkner wasn't much interested in this part of the programme, comparatively speaking. And in this he was one with the lady guests. Undoubtedly the most exciting part of the whole show for them was the hanging of stockings. In his rôle as Father Christmas, Ross excelled all others in his munificence. It had long been his custom to place in each lady's stocking as it hung outside her bedroom door a trifling memento of the occasion, and it was a poor Christmas indeed for the recipients if the trifle was valued at anything under a hundred pounds.

Faulkner's attention, then, was concentrated exclusively on Christmas stockings. What could be more childishly simple than to go after, extracting what Ross had put in? And, he'd establish a precedent. The man who robbed Santa Claus!

. . . . . .

Some dismay had attended Faulkner's realisation of the fact that he could use no disguise in his capacity as valet. He had leaned towards the idea of a beard until he remembered that the only bearded valet he had seen was in a Russian play of the 'eighties. Inquiry amongst his friends had left him with the impression that a bearded valet might well precede the appearance of a two-headed Dodo. A perusal of the list of guests, however, was reassuring. Strange names all. But the Fates are apt on occasion to give a Puckish twist to things. The twist in this case

"'I don't care!' she defied. 'It's leap year, Jimmy'"

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consisted in an eleventh-hour addition to the party.

The spectacle of Adéle Wynd stepping daintily into the snow from a limousine, left Faulkner rubbing metaphorical eyes. He was rattled—shocked out of his smoothness. Those industriously cultivated qualities of *sang-froid*, assurance and resource weakened and died in him as he beheld her. Not that he was unused to coping with the unexpected. He had, indeed, allowed for contingencies in various forms. In every form save this.

Faulkner gazed out into the slow-falling snow as thoughts were unreeled in his mind with the rapidity of moving pictures. Adéle, he knew, was mistress of herself. She would be surprised, puzzled, suspicious on discovering his capacity in Ross's house, but she would not by word or expression betray him. "No reason for panic," said he to himself, with relief. "Of course not. She would give her right hand to marry me."

In which Faulkner was right. Adéle Wynd loved him with every ounce of her passionate nature, every atom of her being. And Adéle had long been secretly determined that the moment in which the wheels of chance delivered Jimmy's suave elegance into her hands would be for him a fortunate, and for her a happy one.

They met outside her room. A meeting being almost inevitable, he had decided to hasten it by hanging about the corridor along which she must pass on her way downstairs. Faulkner recognised as he took in the details of her toilette that there is a rare artistry in putting on a gown. Draped in black, gleaming stuff cunningly designed to enhance the contours of a peerless figure, and the milk-whiteness of a skin that, seeming incredibly beyond design, suggested a fortuitous and heavenly accident, she was perfect as a flower.

Her first flicker of surprise was replaced by a joy which lit her from within as a concealed lamp. "Jimmy! You? How perfectly lovely!"

"Your servant, Miss," he murmured. "I am Mr. Ross's valet. If there is anything I can do . . . ?"

A door opened in the hall below, letting out festive Christmas sounds, Faulkner gave a wary eye to the stairs.

The girl laughed. "You silly old thing! Jimmy—this is so jolly—your being here. I hadn't the slightest notion that—wait!"

She ran lightly into her room, and reappeared concealing something behind her. Her heightened colour and glowing eyes gave him no clue as to its nature, so that her white arms suddenly holding and her red lips pressing found his unprepared. "I don't care!" she defied. "It's leap-year, Jimmy. And, here's my licence." She held up a sprig of mistletoe.

"The tap was repeated. Before he could gather himself to answer it the door swung open"

Faulkner retreated, uneasy. He had been thrilled despite himself. "My presence here is in the capacity which I mentioned," he said, irritably conscious of the warm flush in his face. "I thought I would let you know, in case—what I mean is, I'd be glad if you wouldn't recognise me in the presence of Ross, or any of the guests."

She grasped the situation in a flash, and took a quick pace forward. "Jimmy—you're not to do it! You're not to do—whatever you intend. Will you please promise not to, for my sake? As a Christmas present to me?"

"Sorry, old girl. Needs must. It's a professional duty."

The futility of attempting further persuasion was patent. Faulkner's eyes were adamant.

"Very well. If you must, you must. Do you know it is my duty as a guest to . . . to warn Mr. Ross?"

"Yes. But . . . you won't, Adéle."

"No," was her bitter reply. "You know I would rather cut out my tongue. You're rather a miserable specimen, Jimmy. But . . . in spite of that . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's . . . leap year . . . Jimmy."

"Well?"

"A woman's privilege . . . ."

"Cut it out, old girl!" put in Faulkner, hastily. "You know I won't—ever."

. . . . . .

Faulkner stole to the door of his room, gently opened the door, and peered out into the corridor. The prize had long been disinterred from the ruins of the pudding, the record bon-bon had given up its dainty contents,

(*Continued on page 53*)

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

A "TOUCHING" SCENE

"THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING" (*concluded*)

Father Ross Christmas had gone his rounds, and Christmas dawn, palely starred, peered in through the stained glass over the landing. The smooth night-prowler emerged, and proceeded to carry out his plan.

He walked, as it were, on velvet. Any deftness required in the conduct of this Christmas-stocking business was of the most childish order. In truth, an exercise for young ladies!

In five minutes he had removed from half-a-dozen bulging silk stockings as many small, square packages. He conveyed these with much satisfaction to his bedroom, packed them into a small box, addressed the box to himself: "Post Restante, Paris," and placed it on the table in the hall. It would be in process of transit, he reflected, long before the house rose.

Back once more in his room, he helped himself to a whisky, and decided that, at a suitable moment, he would terminate the business of putting out the Rossian bags and shirts. He was regarding the future with an anticipatory smile, when there came a tap on his door. He started. His heart broke into a quicker stride. Coming just then the tap gave him a turn.

The tap was repeated. Before he could gather himself to answer it the door swung inwards to admit Adéle Wynd. She had thrown a kimono over her dressing-gown, and was a ravishing sight. Faulkner didn't notice this. He was busy noticing something in her eyes, in her whole attitude. Something vaguely different, something dramatic, and entirely of the moment. She closed the door quietly, and clicked the electric-light switch.

"I saw you," she explained. "I watched."

Was this all? Faulkner hissed out a breath of relief. He had expected he knew not what. A smile hovered on the corners of his lips.

"Jimmy . . . that diamond-ring of yours."

"Eh? Paste," explained Faulkner, and held up his elegant right hand. The smile went swiftly from his face. The ring was gone.

"The girls," went on Adéle, coolly, "are awake. They're sitting up . . . emptying their stockings. Naturally, they're surprised at the absence of the customary memento. But, one of them has found . . . what do you think? . . . your diamond ring. Found it in her stocking."

Something more than mere dismay showed in Faulkner's eyes.

"Diamonds are apt to catch up," explained Adéle, "on silk stockings."

"Good Lord! The thing must have slipped off without my noticing. It always was a loose fit. Good Lord!"

His next speech she had expected. "Great Scot! She . . . she'll show it to Ross, in the morning. He knows that ring! Adéle . . . old girl . . . can you get hold of it somehow? Can you make up some cock-and-bull yarn about it being yours? My heaven! If . . . if . . ."

"On two conditions," she answered, coldly, "I will do as you wish. First . . . it is still leap-year . . . you will agree to marry me on Wednesday next. I'll take you for better or worse, Jimmy, and you'll be better if I know anything about managing men. Secondly, you'll return those things to the stockings. I'll persuade the girls that Mr. Ross hasn't been round yet, and get them to hang out their stockings again."

James Charles Faulkner, looking at Adéle, suspected that he perceived the end of his criminal career, But . . . by Jove! . . . he looked harder at the rare flower of womanhood before him . . . he wasn't at all sure that it wasn't going to be a beautiful end!

"You hold the ace, Adéle, old girl," he admitted, gracefully. "And, after all, it's Christmas."

. . . . . .

Adéle Faulkner often wonders whether to reveal the name of the girl who found the ring. And she keeps a silk stocking, slightly laddered, slightly perfumed, in a secret place.

C. Hedley Barker

MAKING ALLOWANCES

"I thought you were going to divorce Tom?"
"I was, but I found I was unable to save the money for it out of the allowance he gives me."

SERVED BY HARTLEY CARRICK

We trust you'll be ever so jolly:
We wish you no end of good cheer,
And a Christmas not *too* alcoholly,
Nor a mistleptomaine New Year!

. . . . . .

It is said that a man can flirt with a barmaid and not lose his self-respect. But though it's the festive season, his wife mustn't even throw a kiss to the postman.

. . . . . .

We recently watched a small youth of our acquaintance devour eight consecutive mince pies. His small brother told us that that was three under bogey for the course.

. . . . . .

Tommy's parents don't get on well together, but he hopes that this year their presents will atone for their past.

. . . . . .

One phrase, we hope, will be taboo
From Halifax to Holborn;
Oh, breathe it not in classic Kew,
Nor whisper it in Oban;
That horrible refrain eschew—
The phrase is, "Yes, we've no ban—!"

. . . . . .

Every Christmas in Kurdistan the more warlike of the villages engage in a pitched battle. Evidently the Kurds have a way with them.

. . . . .

Railway companies are announcing lower fares for the holidays. Ticket holders in return wish them the compliments of the *season*.

. . . . .

Though I, perchance, forgetful be,
Oh, tell me, Yule, remember me!

. . . . .

The Metropolitan police for many years have had their own minstrel troupe. How long have we to wait before London gives us a taxi-cabaret?

. . . . . .

Killjoys, avaunt, and hide your face!
Hence, ev'ry Pussyfooting ranter!
We'll toast the English-speaking race
That wins in a decanter!

GAGS FOR PANTOMIME ARTISTES

For the Hero:

Here is a cheque, and though we're in Berkshire, be sure you inDorset!

HIS GOOD DEED — By Inder Burns

For the Heroine:

I dislike the Baron. He imBibes in the wood!

For the Baron:

Now then, my pretty Babes, it's your b'head time!

For the Baroness:

The Baron has promised me a bee-hive hat if I beehive myself!

Once again the famous ghost at Hampton Court Palace has re-appeared. The apparition is said to be swathed from head to foot in a thick, woollen garment, which seems to hint its identity with Cardigan Wolsey.

. . . .

For those who would like a recipe for Wassail off the Mrs. Beeton track, we subjoin the following: Take the rind of three large onions and let it simmer. Add two peppercorns, with knobs on, one pint of stock, and one wineglassful of what mother likes. Put through a sieve, and don't strain yourself. Serve up hot, and throw out of the window.

. . . .

REPLETION

From too much hearty living,
From mayonnaise set free,
We thank with true thanksgiving
"Whatever gods may be,"
That no goose lasts for ever,
That mince pies rise up never,
That even the weariest liver
Finds rest in toast and tea!

FREE FROM GROUSE — By Leslie P. Marchant

Father: "Will you have another piece of duck, Peter?"
Peter: "Yeth, pleath. Duck'th my favourite chicken—'ccpt turkey"

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An Interview with A Famous Actress

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

As all London is now talking about the wonderful acting of Miss Minerva Bung in the Powerful Drama, "How His Wife Found Out," the Editor requested me to call and interview this distinguished lady, and get her to talk about herself. He could hardly have put the job into better hands.

Miss Minerva Bung received me in her dressing-room at the back of the

"He objected to an ornament"

stage, after she had just taken the last of the eighteen calls guaranteed for her by the management at every performance, including matinées. I noticed, as she motioned me into a seat, that there was on the wall facing me a peculiar Japanese mask. It was practically a replica of one which I have on my study wall at home, and which was a gift to me from an uncle of mine, who said he would be glad to be rid of it as, not being altogether a Prohibitionist, he objected to an ornament that made ugly faces at him as the evening wore on.

Miss Minerva Bung reclined gracefully on a sofa and sipped her stout and lit a cigarette. Then she turned over carelessly the letter of introduction that I had presented, and said languidly:

"I see you want to know how I began."

"That is so," I replied at once. "I want to know all about your past, present and future. Of course, if you prefer to confine yourself to the present and future I shall quite understand. I don't mind telling you that I began in quite a small way myself in a stockbroker's office on fifteen shillings a week. It was not much, of course, but I was living with my people at the time, and it kept me in cigarettes and neckties, which at that time were my most pressing needs. But I soon threw the job up. I felt I had a clear call to the career of a distinguished journalist, and, after all, stockbroking is not a very congenial occupation if you have no head for vulgar fractions and decimal dots. Do you know anything about figures, Miss Minerva?"

"Well," she replied, after some hesitation, "the dressing-room has its professional secrets, of course. But my hair is all my own."

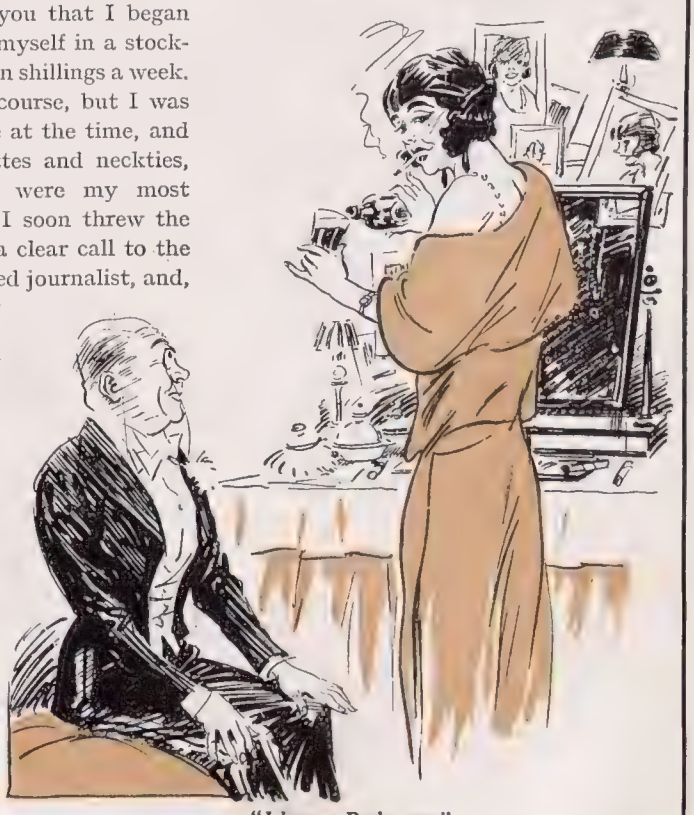
"And very charming hair, too," I ventured to assure her. "Mine is beginning to get a little thin on the top, but I am told this is the result of overworking the brain. As a young man I used frequently to sit up till the small hours trying to spot a likely winner for the two-thirty on the following day, and severe mental exertion of that kind naturally tells on you in the long run. But on the whole, I have had a good friend in Anno Domini."

"I do not think I have met Annie Domini," she said a little frigidly "My mother always taught me to be very particular about the people I mix with in the theatrical world."

"Quite so," I hastened to agree. "One can't be too careful. Now if you please, Minerva, I want you to tell me something about yourself."

"Well," she said, taking another sip of stout, "I was born in London some twenty-eight years ago——"

"I see," I replied. "There are some twenty-eights, and there are others. Personally, I am a Devonshire man myself, but since my part of the county has been annexed by the United States of America I have fled to London. My people have been Devonshire for many centuries. One of our kinsmen was a man of the name of Drake, who made quite a name for himself on Plymouth Hoe, or thereabouts, many years ago. I believe he was a sailor, or something of that sort. Not a common



"I knew a Drake once"

sailor, mind you. He was, no doubt, an officer of some kind, as our family has always mixed in the best circles. I have a picture at home of my kinsman Drake playing bowls, but I expect he did other things in his spare time, because he seems to have been quite a local celebrity in his way."

"I knew a Drake once who ran an *East Lynne* company in the provinces," remarked Miss Minerva, thoughtfully, "I suppose that would not be the same man."

"Probably not," I said. "But now I want you to talk to me about yourself, and your hopes and ambitions, and all that sort of thing."

"Well," she said, "I have played a great many parts. But, of course, I really want to play Juliet and Lady Macbeth."

"Excellent," I said, encouragingly. "It is our ambition that gives a zest to life, after all, is it not? As a young man I had an ambition to own a gold mine, but I could never get one at my price. When it gets known on the market that there is a likely buyer about, the owners of gold mines put their prices up at once, and, after all, there is no sense in paying more for the goods than they are worth. Besides, I had no money at the time, and even in those days you had to be a very clever financier to be able to buy a gold mine on credit, or a simple note of hand. My ambition now is to be able to write a book or a play that will bring me in enough money to enable me to have a house in town, a villa at Nice, and a yacht. As a matter of fact, I am not at all a good sailor; but I am told that if you have a yacht of your own you can practise sailing when you feel like it,

and that if you persevere steadily you will gradually lose the habit of praying for a quick death every time the sea gets at all choppy. But I want you to talk to me about yourself. What is your favourite flower, Minnie—I mean Minerva?"

"I think I like roses best," she said. "You see——"

"Exactly," I said. "Roses are all very well, but, after all, they are more ornamental than useful. I grow some in my garden at home, but, of course, I devote most of the available space to things that really matter. I daresay you have noticed that this has been a poor year for turnips. My turnips got the blight quite early in the season, and so I dug them up and put down Brussels sprouts instead. But even these are suffering from some kind of acute anæmia. Then, look at the plum crop. It has been a really rotten failure this year. Everybody is complaining of the blight that came along in the Spring and bit holes in all the young fruit, so that the average autumn yield is about one plum per tree. But I did very well with my peas in the summer, and though the beans were late they came up smiling at the finish. By the way, what is your favourite car?"

"Mine is a Rolls-Royce," said Miss Minerva Bung, haughtily. "There may be others, of course, but I have not heard of them."

"In that case," I said, "dear old Henry Ford's advertising outlay in this country has been wasted on you. I had thought of getting a Rolls-Royce myself, but when I looked at the row of noughts they line up after the figures in their catalogues, it seemed to me I should make a better bargain if I took a taxi instead. After all, if you take a taxi you can give it up at the end of your journey, and you have no more bother with it; whereas if you have a car of your own you have got to take it home and park it, and think up excuses for not giving the neighbours a joy ride every time they feel like one. By the way, what is your favourite hobby, Miss Minerva?"

"Solitude," replied the dainty little lady as she yawned slightly and consulted her wrist-watch.

"Well," I said, "in that case I will leave you to it. Besides, it is getting perilously near eleven p.m., and for a journalist that is a very significant hour. I am sure our readers will be highly interested in the intimate details of your career that you have been good enough to reveal to me. Don't get up, please. I know the way to the door. It has been pointed out to me so often."

JINGLE

BY HOWARD K. FLOCK

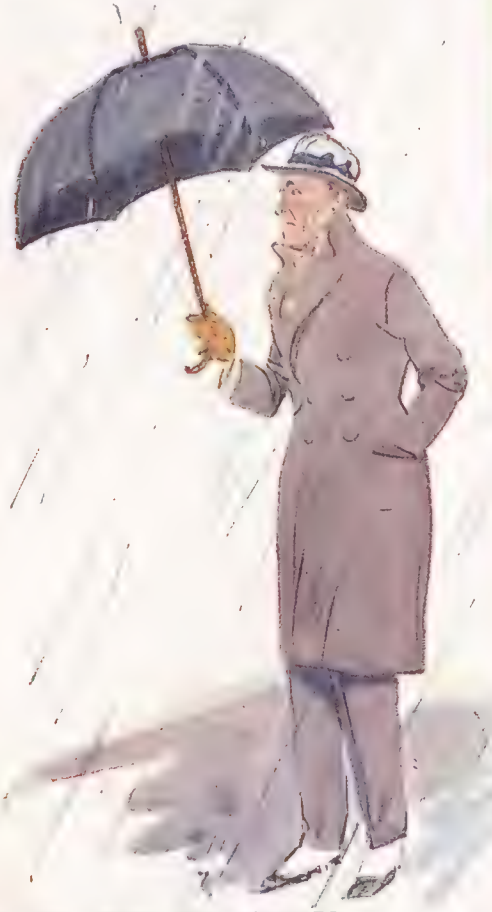
TAKING THE RUFF WITH THE SMOOTH

A Christma

FORGET —

—HAVING TO GET THOSE BEASTLY PRESENTS

AND JU



AND THAT ABOMINABLE WEATHER

AND THOSE TOO STUPID XMAS CARDS

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST C

ıs Recipe

BY HELEN McKIE

OF THE FESTIVE SEASON

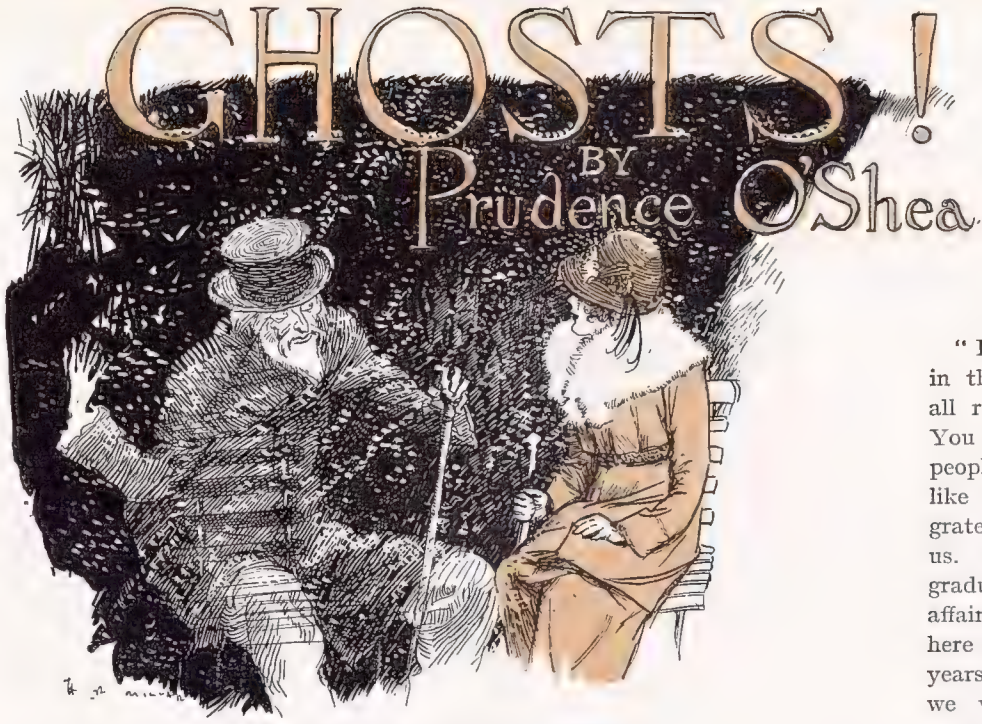
THE FAIRY LAKE

BY HILDA COWHAM

GHOSTS!

BY

Prudence O'Shea



ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR

It was Christmas Eve, and almost closing time in Kensington Gardens. Twilight had deepened among the trees, while a soft peppering of snow had begun to fall. There was a hush, too, which enwrapped Angela Hayes, and isolated her from all the world, so that she felt herself to be stepping over the surface of a vast, animated Christmas card. And wandering so, her mind the peaceful storehouse of every romantic impression, she came across an old man sitting quietly upon a secluded seat beneath a shivering tree.

As soon as their eyes met the old man called out, with a certain gallant gaiety: "Why . . . Miss Hayes! This is indeed a pleasure."

Angela stopped in surprise; and as she looked towards the stranger she saw that the iron lathes of the chair upon which he sat showed through the rusty black of his garments. Then, smiling with pleased surprise, she extended her hand, and moved towards him. "Fancy!" she exclaimed "A ghost!"

"Yes. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks awfully." She chose the chair beside him.

Still wringing her hand the old man said with a naïve eagerness: "How really nice to meet you! . . . And just when I began to think that the day would end fruitlessly."

"Really? What sort of day have you had?"

"Oh shocking! It's real nice to talk to someone. I was here first thing this morning. We like to be, you know. The bells were ringing at St. Mary Abbott's and, if I may use the expression, the stage was beautifully set. But . . . I don't know . . . it was all a failure."

"I'm *awfully* sorry. How do you mean . . . a failure?"

The old man drew his cloak more closely round him before replying, and then said: "Well, you see, it's like this. You young people don't realise that we ghosts are conservative folk. Tradition means a lot to us; in fact, if there were no tradition there would be no ghosts. And I don't mind telling you that this post-war civilisation is hitting us pretty hard."

"It's hitting us all pretty hard."

"I know . . . I know. But we have no Union or Publicity Agent. We've just ourselves, and each Christmas Eve makes things worse for us."

"I *am* sorry. I do *my* best for you."

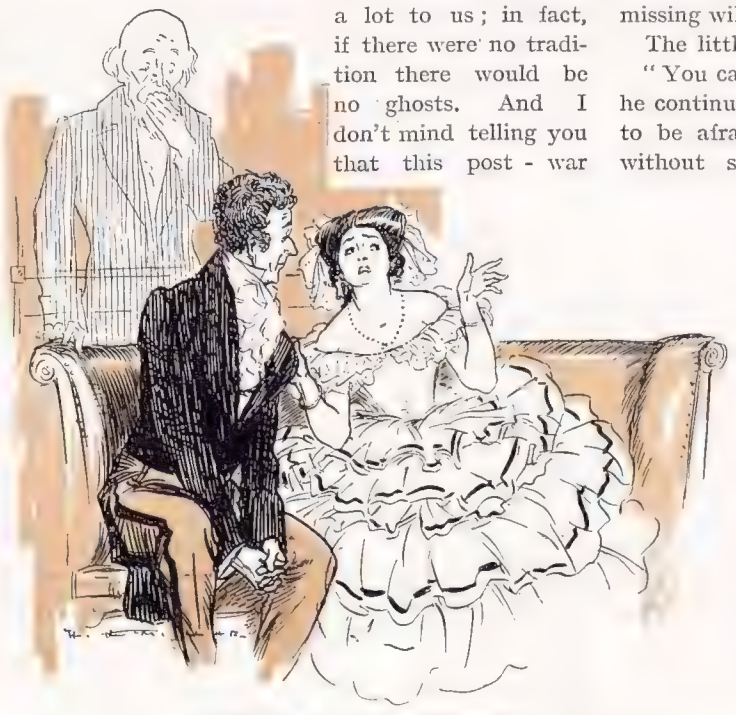
"I know, Miss Hayes. I know. In . . in the place where I come from we all read your charming little stories. You show us to be most agreeable people . . . not violent or anything like that. Oh yes . . . we're very grateful to you for all you've done for us. But the trouble is that we are gradually slipping from the world's affairs. For instance . . . I've come here regularly every Christmas Eve for years. We were welcome guests once; we were expected! Wherever we lurked, whether it was under the bridge of moats, in old banqueting halls, or among trees in woods, we were eagerly sought out. Christmas Eve was our triumph! And I don't mind telling you that it is just as delightful to be sought after now by blue-bell eyed girls with arms like moonbeams, as it was before we became ghosts. And their pretty screams when they discovered us! . . . Why, it made life worth living. Ghost-life, I mean. But all that's changing. Once we used to hang around the drawing-rooms after dinner, and listen to pretty lips telling the most shocking untruths about us; . . . of how they saw us and *touched* us! And of how we advanced towards them and pointed to disused wells, and said, in sepulchral voices: 'The missing will lies *there!*'"

The little man stretched his legs.

"You can see my point, can't you?" he continued. "These sweet girls used to be afraid to enter their bedrooms without someone looking previously under their beds . . . and that in itself is a delightful compliment to us. They fibbed for us . . . think of that . . . fibbed for us! We were, if I may say so in all modesty, the heroes of every Christmas Number."

"But . . . wouldn't you rather have the truth told about you?"

"No. Would you? . . . For the truth is that we are neglected old gentlemen. And some truths are sad, while most fibs, told anyway in Christmas Numbers, are delicious."



"Of how they saw us—and touched us"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Yes. I quite agree with you there."

"I'm sure you must, Miss Hayes. A fact is an unequivocal thing intended to wound or bore. But a fib! . . . Why, the most entrancing thing on earth is a pleasant fact treated with a cultivated imagination. Can I rely upon you, Miss Hayes, to repeat that in THE BYSTANDER?"

"You can."

"Thank you."

"But you were saying that the day had been fruitless?"

"Yes; it has. A few years ago I used to sit on this same seat, and everyone who passed used to nudge each other. It was flattering in the extreme. Now, with the exception of one or two nursemaids with dreams in their eyes, and one or two old gentlemen who'll soon be ghosts themselves, no one has the eyes to see us with. And even the nursemaids are frightened, and that hurts our feelings."

"I'm sure it does. And the children?"

The old man made a vulgar noise with his lips indicative of supreme contempt, and said: "I haven't had a child see me *all* day!"

"Not little girls?"

"Not one. They're all helping the little boys with their Meccanos."

"I *am* sorry. But have you no connections whom you like to visit?"

The old man's face clouded instantaneously; and trouble seemed to linger in his kind eyes. And he said: "Well . . . since you mention it, Miss Hayes, I have a connection. A son."

"*Really*? . . . But surely you visit him?"

"No. No, I don't! I've done a lot for that boy, but . . . I'm just not wanted."

"I simply can't understand anybody not wanting you."

The old man's hand closed over Angela's for a second, and he smiled into her young eyes, and then sighed. And he said: "Well . . . since you've been so patient with me, I'll tell you something I've never told anyone else in my life."

They settled themselves in the dusk, and Angela brushed a little snow off her shoulders, and also off the shoulders of her companion. Then the old man said:

'You see, I was married very young to a lady who was an angel; but like all angels, I suppose, she sighed for her spiritual home. Anyway, she left me. But before she went our son was born."

The old man cleared his throat.

"He was a fine boy. But soon I realised that I'd got to have a woman to make some sort of home for him . . . for myself I didn't mind. So I asked my eldest sister . . . Ephzibar . . . to come and keep house for us. The name should have warned me but it didn't. And she came.

"Now, Ephzibar was great on houses, but a home to her was something frivolous, and of the world worldly; so she set about me and my son to subdue that fleshy part of us which demanded a home."

"And she succeeded?"

"She surely succeeded. She used to take me to church, she once told me, to thank God for not making her like me. But that was nothing. And when she drew me into an argument I used to almost die of fright in case I was right. And Ephzibar talked! . . . Ephzibar talked from morning until night. She never stopped talking. So you can quite understand that when it was my time to die I closed with the offer at once?"

"To church . . to thank God for not making her like me"

"Yes."

"But I didn't like to go without doing my son a good turn, particularly as I was responsible for introducing Ephzibar into his life. So, on my death-bed I swore to him that if he would become a physician when he grew up I would do everything in my power to help him. And he promised.

"Well, at first, after he took his degree, he had rather a rough time, but that didn't do him any harm. And then, one Christmas, when I was supposed to be in these gardens, I just nipped round to his rooms and said that I knew a way of helping him. And I promised him that every time he was called in for a consultation I would stand at the head of the bed if the patient were doomed to die. That, of course, would give his professional opinion great weight. And I did and it did. And he prospered, and everything went perfectly.

"Well . . . he moved to Harley Street, and presently I read that he was engaged to be married. So the next time I was needed to stand at the head of the bed of one of his patients, I asked him if he thought he was going to be happy, and the way he answered, and the way he looked, I knew that he was expecting to walk straight into heaven the day he led her to the altar."

"And did he?"

"Before he could she fell ill, and dangerously ill, too. And you can imagine my awful grief when I felt myself impelled downwards to stand at the head of her bed when my son visited her. When he saw me there he groaned and begged me to go away. But I shook my head. And he said: 'If science fails . . . cannot my great love for her keep her with me and drive you away?' And, of course, I had to shake my head again, and then he looked thoughtful, and suddenly said: 'Father . . . Ephzibar's coming!' And it wasn't until I had run over half the world that I realised the trick which had been played upon me, and naturally, with relations strained like that, I've never liked to go again."

"I can quite understand."

Just than a sonorous voice was heard echoing over the gardens, and Angela exclaimed: "There! . . . the keepers are turning everyone out. I must go."

They both rose and stamped their feet in the cold.

Angela said: "Well . . . good-bye, and a Merry Christmas!"

"Thank you, Miss Hayes. The same to you. I wonder . . . perhaps next year at this time? . . . "

"Why, of course . . . I'd love it."

"Very well then . . . next Christmas Eve at the same place, and we'll have another talk. Good-bye."

"Yes . . . Good-bye."

Angela suddenly found herself alone, and slowly she walked towards the gates.

The Jolly Millers

BY HELCK

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE

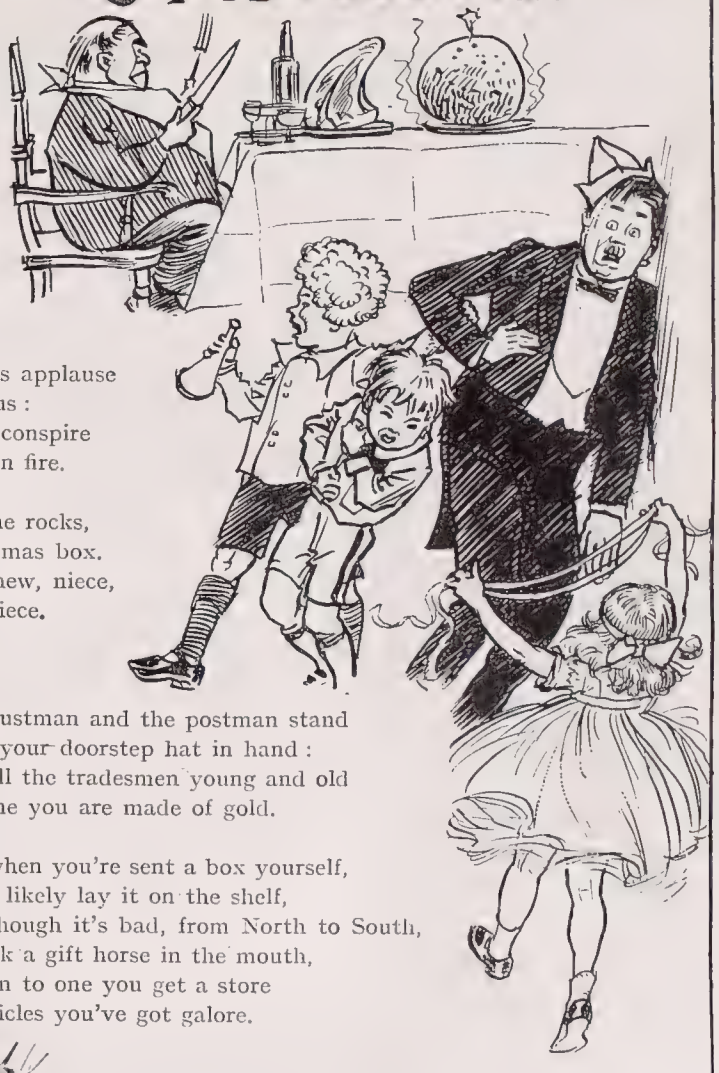
Acceptable Presents.

THE DRAWBACKS OF CHRISTMAS.

BY J. M. BULLOCH.

THOUGH Christmastide is full of cheer,
It's well it comes but once a year,
For beef and pudding, goose and grape
Are fatal to a shapely shape.

ENGLAND expects that every man
Should then become a Peter Pan,
And enter into all the games
Of little Johnnie, Jane and James.



No doubt you win the child's applause
By dressing up as Santa Claus:
But Christmas candles may conspire
To set your Clarkson beard on fire.

ALTHOUGH you may be on the rocks,
You're badgered for a Christmas box.
Your son and daughter, nephew, niece,
Of course must get a box a piece.

THE dustman and the postman stand
Upon your doorstep hat in hand:
And all the tradesmen young and old
Imagine you are made of gold.

AND when you're sent a box yourself,
You'll likely lay it on the shelf,
For, though it's bad, from North to South,
To look a gift horse in the mouth,
It's ten to one you get a store
Of articles you've got galore.

AND then you've got to waste your time
By going to the pantomime,
Where low comedians dressed in skirts
Will tell you how the "lodger" flirts:
It's hard to join the children's shouts
Of laughter at the knockabouts.

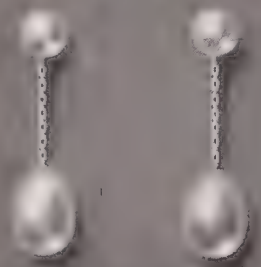
THOUGH Charles Dickens loved to show
Our English Christmas wreathed in snow,
And makers of the Christmas card
Depicted ponds as frozen hard,
Yet when you go to get your skates
A thaw sets in and ends in spates.

THE moral of this tale is plain
To any reader with a brain:
The very same things bore or buck,
According to your sort of luck.
Some find it best to trust to dreams,
For life is rarely what it seems.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR

XMAS *means* Ciro Pearls

Handsome Brooch, with three lustrous Ciro Pearls on platinette bar.
£1 1 0



Ciro Pearl round or pear-shaped Earrings, with solid gold mounts, for pierced or unpierced ears.
£1 1 0 per pair.

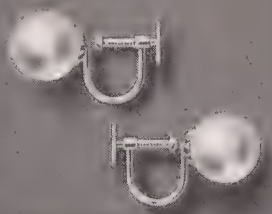
Ciro Pearl cross-over Ring, in gold or platinette.
£1 1 0

Ciro Pearl Dress Stud, on gold mount.
£1 1 0

Gold Scarf Pin with fine pear-shaped Ciro Pearl.
£1 1 0

Gold Scarf Pin with exquisite round Ciro Pearl.
£1 1 0

Brooch, with fine single Ciro Pearl of rare orient on platinette double bar.
£1 1 0



Single Ciro Pearl Earrings, on solid gold mounts, for pierced or unpierced ears.
£1 1 0

Ciro Pearl Ring in platinette, with scientific rubies, emeralds or sapphires on either side.
£1 1 0

Very chaste Gold Bar Brooch, with single Ciro Pearl.
£1 1 0

Pretty Three-Pearl Ring in gold.
£1 1 0

THE Gift that every woman desires; that honours and gratifies its recipient, while it signifies the giver's perfect taste. Ciro Pearls are the Gift Beautiful, the Gift Desirable, the Gift Enduring. Whether in the form of a graceful necklet or set alluringly as jewels, Ciro Pearls are the offering that is always welcome, always appropriate. They are the one exact replica of the real—the Gift Ideal.

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Photographic reproduction of our marvellous 16-inch Ciro Pearl Necklet, with Solid Gold clasp in beautiful case, £1 1 0 Other lengths at proportionate prices.

Birds About Town

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

AT THE TURKEY FARM

PERCY *(with his mouth full)*: "Oh, I say, old chap, hope we're not jeopardising your chance of winning the jolly old challenge cup, and so forth—what?"

Cherry Brandy

Photograph *Abbe*

MISS CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Poses for an attractive study in Chinese lacquer—and liqueur—work

And They Say There Are No Fairies!

Photograph [*Abbe*

MISS GRACE BIZET

This dainty little dancer from Greenwich Village, the Bohemia of New York, surely gives the lie to all those tense and earnest souls who, even under the softening influence of Christmas, deny the existence of fairies

BY LAURIE TAYLER

'TWIXT THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP C

IDENTIFIED
"Would you recognise the band, sir?"
"Oh, that's a BAND, is it?"

By Lunt Roberts

The Pierrot's One Good Deed

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

He had told me the story, months before, and I had remembered it. For he was one of the most sought-after young men in London.

Women adore actors as a class. But when you are the most popular Pierrot in England, as this young man was, your letter-bag contains notes even from the daughters of dukes. Those in the immediate suite of Royalty itself write to you, now and then. They want your songs, your photograph, your signature for an album.

My friend the Pierrot was sick of flattery. He had the face of a choir-boy. Little did his admirers know that he played poker all night and had sometimes £100 each way upon a horse.

"Look at that dear little boy," old ladies used to say, sitting in the stalls, when they heard him sing. For his charm was so disarming. There were soft notes in his voice that soothed you. No Pierrot ever looked so forlorn, when he sang a love song.

Those in the stalls little knew that the moment he had sung "My Heart is Like the Lily," despairingly almost, he would go into his dressing-room and put £100 more on Tishy.

. . . . .

Then, one sad day for London, he and the other pierrots went on tour, and from pier to pier these super-pierrots toured. Young ladies from the suburbs on holiday counted the days before the Pierrot would reach the town in which they stayed. And, when he came, they followed him along the promenade, small crowds of them.

Then, tired of adulation, weary of flattery, the Pierrot reached St. Anne's. And, outside the theatre where he played, Lydias languished and Floras looked forlorn.

"When will all this nonsense stop?" he said. "If only we could come here Aintree week! Then we could see the National. Why didn't they fix this tour so that we were in this burgh when the Manchester Cup was on?"

. . . . .

One morning, in the hotel, he saw a young woman in the lounge sitting all alone, so plain, so ordinary that no one noticed her. She did not even look up when the Pierrot passed. For only prize cats can look at kings. Yet, how disconsolate she looked, and gloomy! Even the Pierrot's heart was touched.

"Wnat is the matter?" he said, walking up to her.

Her heart gave three big bumps against itself and she blushed a stammer. He persisted, and, as she looked down, tremblingly, she told her story.

"I have been sitting here for over a week," she said, "and you are the first person who has ever spoken to me."

Some people would like that sort of life for a change. I hate being spoken to, myself.

But this poor young thing was a bank clerk at Wigan, she said, and, for fifty weeks a year, she did whatever bank clerks are supposed to do, week in and week out, amid Wigan's sordidness.

For a year she had saved up so much that, at last, with her savings, she had brought her mother to stay for two weeks in a fashionable hotel.

"I wanted to be a lady for a while," she said. "But it is very dull being a lady all alone. If I were in lodgings, I could speak to fellows on the front. But we are so toney here. And nobody notices me in this hotel."

Then the Pierrot did the one good deed of all his life. Not all the Boy Scouts in the world put together have been so chivalrous. He looked at her for a minute and then said something that almost made her sink into the ground.

"Have you been to Lytham?" he said.

"No," she replied, "I've been sitting here all the week."

"Have you been to Blackpool?" he went on.

No, not even the joys of Blackpool entice, when you have to walk among them all alone.

"Let's go and see what it's like," said the Pierrot.

He was sorry, a moment later. But he had said it, and, when you start performing some good deed, you have to see it through.

So, for a whole day in Blackpool, the Pierrot and the poor little bank clerk went everywhere. They looped the loop and went up the Tower; they danced in the ballroom, and in Fun City they even threw rubber balls at the wooden disc, which, when hit, made a poor crippled man fall in the water.

They had their fortunes told. And, oh, how wonderful that was! For the fortune-teller said they would marry and live happily ever afterwards. And she added that there would be two boys and three girls!

The Pierrot was used to embarrassments like that. But the little bank clerk blushed, and dreamed a foolish dream.

For seven hours, she lived in Paradise. And then the Pierrot took her back to her hotel and never saw her again.

. . . . .

He told the story to the other pierrots that night.

"I didn't even kiss her," he said.

No one believed him. Those who knew the Pierrot never believed him.

. . . . .

Yes, he had told me that six months before. And, now, I was at his Christmas party. His room was full of presents, and photographs signed in big scrawling signatures. Faces of beautiful women adorned his room. Cigarette boxes in gold and silver told of his prowess; diamond studs were all around, and things like that, from women of every age and every colour.

On his desk I saw a postcard among a lot of other letters and cards and bills.

"*Just in memory of St. Anne's*," it said.

The name of the town recalled something to my mind, and I turned the postcard over. The stamp bore the terrible name, "Wigan."

"Who's this from?" I said.

"Oh, I get lots of things like that," replied the Pierrot. "*Some silly girl, I suppose. There were lots of girls at St. Anne's.*"

. . . . .

There was no name and no address. So you could not answer the postcard. But, if you could have done so, the Pierrot would not have answered, for he had forgotten. And I should not have answered, for I could not have told the truth.

. . . . .

But, somewhere, in a humble street in Wigan, a little girl remembers. And it is well, perhaps, that the Pierrot, once in his life, performed one good deed.

A FAIRYLAND TRIOLET

SUPPOSING Fairyland went dry
If nectar were prohibited?
Think how the fairy folk would sigh
Supposing Fairyland went dry!
The heather cups would droop and die,
Or languish unemployed instead
Supposing Fairyland went dry,
If nectar were prohibited.

LESLIE M. OYLER

HORSE-SENSE By Bowes

DAD: "Ah, this reminds me, Willy wants a rocking-horse for Christmas"

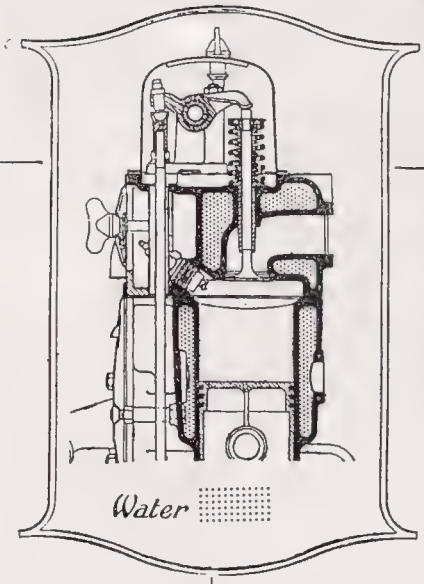
BY BLAM

A CHRISTMAS "DRAW"

BY D'EGVILLE

THE WAITS, CHRISTMAS 1923

The NEW BUICK
its GREATER ENGINE EFFICIENCY



Added possibilities of speed *and* four wheel braking power to use it with safety.

THE remarkable efficiency of the up-to-date motor engine is largely attributable to the valve in the head design. Buick is the Father of the valve in the head engine, which they have used from the outset. Improvements in the mechanism—and its cooling—gives the new engine still greater efficiency.

This means less gear changing, still better hill-climbing capacity and acceleration, and a general top speed performance, even superior to that for which previous Buick cars are noted.

Yet running costs are decreased—not increased.

The diagram is instructive. To the trained engineer it tells its own story. To the non-technical, the black parts are the metal of the engine, and the etched portions show the water-cooling spaces. Note how efficiently the valves and sparking plugs are cooled—important factors in retaining that high engine efficiency during long usage.

With this increased power you have increased road safety. The Buick four wheel brakes enable you to stop the car smoothly—in any given circumstances—in half the distance otherwise possible.

Thus the two improvements dovetail for your greater driving comfort.

The New Buick for Safety

6-CYLINDER MODELS FROM £470

4-CYLINDER MODELS FROM £375

GENERAL MOTORS LTD.
THE HYDE HENDON

Safety First

The new Oakland and Cadillac are also fitted with Four Wheel Brakes

By Appointment

LAVENDER SOAP.
Box of 3 Large Tablets, **3/-**
Box of 6 Visitors' Size, **3/-**
Box of 3 Bath Size - **6/-**

LAVENDER FACE POWDER.
Per Box, **2/6**
Compact Powder, in Metal Case with Mirror, **3/9**

LAVENDER FACE CREAM.
Per Pot, **1/6**
Cold Cream, 1/9 per Pot.

LAVENDER SHAMPOO
Boxes of Half-dozen Cartridges, **1/6**

Yardley's
Old English Lavender

The Yardley Lavender Water is World famous as the finest quality made of this delightful fragrance.

Apart from its beauty as a Spray, Handkerchief, or Sachet Perfume, it has many uses ; in dance rooms and other crowded assemblies, or when travelling, a few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief and applied to the skin give a delicious sense of coolness and refreshment.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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Price **1/3** each.

A CHRISTMAS TREATY

By A. G. GREENWOOD. *Illustrated by FRANK R. GREY*

"IT isn't my fault I've got no money, sir," I urged.

"I agree," said old General Wheatly, "but as I haven't any either, it's equally impossible for my daughter to be your Miss Fortune."

Macabre sort of gibe—besides being superannuated, like the General. I got rattled and ratty. So did he.

"Until I've your word that all this pestiferous nonsense is over," was his ultimatum, "my door must remain shut on you."

"Then," said I, glancing at the smoke-room closed door, "may I send for my bag, sir? My stay here's likely to be somewhat prolonged."

Before going back to the smoke-room and poker, the General was polite enough to see me off the premises.

You will now appreciate why I padded up the drive from Netherhurst (the Wheatlys' place) in a pricelessly gloomy state.

It was Christmas Eve—late afternoon.

In the hall at Netherhurst, in front of the huge Christmas-tree, I'd noticed, clinging from the roof, a colossal bunch of mistletoe. Somewhere knocking about the old house was Diana, old Wheatly's daughter, too topping for words, and here was I (Noel Davenport, late of the Theatre Royal, Waysands, actor of the other part, as lawyers put it in deeds), with as much chance of getting her under it as—getting her father under a steam-roller.

"If he's stuffy," Diana had said before the Zero hour (hero hour's the real name for it) that afternoon, "don't despair. I'll stick to you. Never say die."

Something prophetic had made me groan, "It looks more like 'Never say Diana!'"

It did. A flea in your ear is a severe handicap to pad off with on the Merry and Bright Stakes. I cocktailed and dined at the "Swan" (where I'd put up to be near Diana). I plotted and planned. Finally I went out—cold, occasional sleet, inky dark—just because hanging around Netherhurst seemed—well, I understood why moths crash round lamps.

There's a stile near the lodge. I sat on it. I smoked. Presently a whole lot of people, with one lantern between them, came along. They wore masks.

"We'll start off with Good King Wenceslaus," said the fellow who carried the lantern, as they passed me.

Waits. I didn't hesitate. I fell in. Up the drive we scrunched.

"Gather round!"

They gathered. They sang. A huge footman (everything's huge that Wheatly has anything to do with) opened the door.

In the hall stood old Wheatly and three old buffers disturbed at their poker, Mrs. Gray (more of her anon), the General's sister (old make of old maid—the edge of unpleasantness) the customary nondescripts most country-houses collect at Christmas (like burrs in spaniel's ears), and, looking like the fairy off the top of the Christmas-tree behind her (a gigantic tree—twenty-foot high at least), Diana.

"Come in, good folk, come in!" cried old Wheatly, doing the jovial, baronial-hall stunt.

I accepted the invitation, and the others being masked, I tied my handkerchief round my face (I could just see over the top of it) so as not to be conspicuous or make them or anybody else uncomfortable. Thoughtful, what?

Once inside they sang some jolly old carol, while I edged round to get near Diana.

The Christmas-tree suggested a plan.

I lugged a bill out of my pocket and scribbled, "Meet me by the Christmas-tree to-night, Noel," on it, and worked round behind Diana.

A vast fellow, a bawling bass, stood beside her. Diana's hands were linked behind her. I took cover behind the bass and slid the note into her fingers.

She started and stared up at him in amazement. Innocently he bellowed. Presently I tip-toed near and nearer the tree, till at last I slipped behind it.

Footmen presently brought punch. The waits drank. A pound or so was collected for the Blanket, or some dear old equally stuffy fund. The waits departed. The General hurried his three old cronies back to the smoke-room and poker. The rest of the house-party drifted back to Auction in the drawing-room.

My position had its precarious side.

The hefty great tree was set in a huge tub, and two wire guys steadied it. Its branches made a ladder. I climbed and sat down very comfortably about three-quarters of the way up.

Ten struck. Eleven struck. I'd have struck, only Di was worth waiting an eternity for.

Twelve, and the bells of St. Peter's (next the Swan) dug the oldsters out of poker, Mrs. Gray (you'll get the hang of her presently) from an erotic novel, Diana and the burrs from the drawing-room, and they all Happy-Christmassed each other for all they were worth.

The burrs trailed off to bed—something accomplished, somebody done (at Auction) had earned a night's repose. The three pokerites went back to the smoke-room.

Mrs. Gray and the General (you've an inkling how she comes in now, what?) having flirted (mosquito and mammoth) at the foot of the stairs, whispered lingering "good-nights," and parted as reluctantly as Sandy and Saxpence.

"Diana," called the General.

Di came from the drawing-room.

"I hope I've made myself plain," said he—unnecessary, take it from me, Providence had done it for him, "that

(*All rights strictly reserved.*)

young cub Davenport's not to enter my door till you've both promised to behave sensibly. You'll be pleased to remember that."

"I can't be—pleased, father," said topping Di. "Won't you tell me exactly what you've got against him?"

I was up a tree in every sense. Even stuffing that gristly bit of your ear right down the orifice won't drown any remarks and so on, which you really don't want to hear.

"Certainly. I don't want to be nasty," said the General, oblivious that the matter was out of his hands. "As you know, I'm very hard up and Davenport's not only a penniless actor, but a gritless, back-boneless, brainless young idiot. He's the sort of fool who'd say 'Wot, weally?' if he met a man-eating tiger."

Old Wheatly got the V.C. when some old general (vice Joshua deceased) took Kumasi in an Ashanti scrap. He expects every male to be a Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and every woman to be scared of mice. You know the type—if you don't, crash off to Monte—your luck's in.

"His father was a good soldier, a good friend and a sahib. But the son—why if he were a potato I'd not trouble to cut the eyes out of him! Forget him. He's a wash-out. Cut him right out of your mind. Good-night, Diana."

He kissed her—poor Diana!—and watched her climb upstairs. When he had lumbered back to the smoke-room he left the door open.

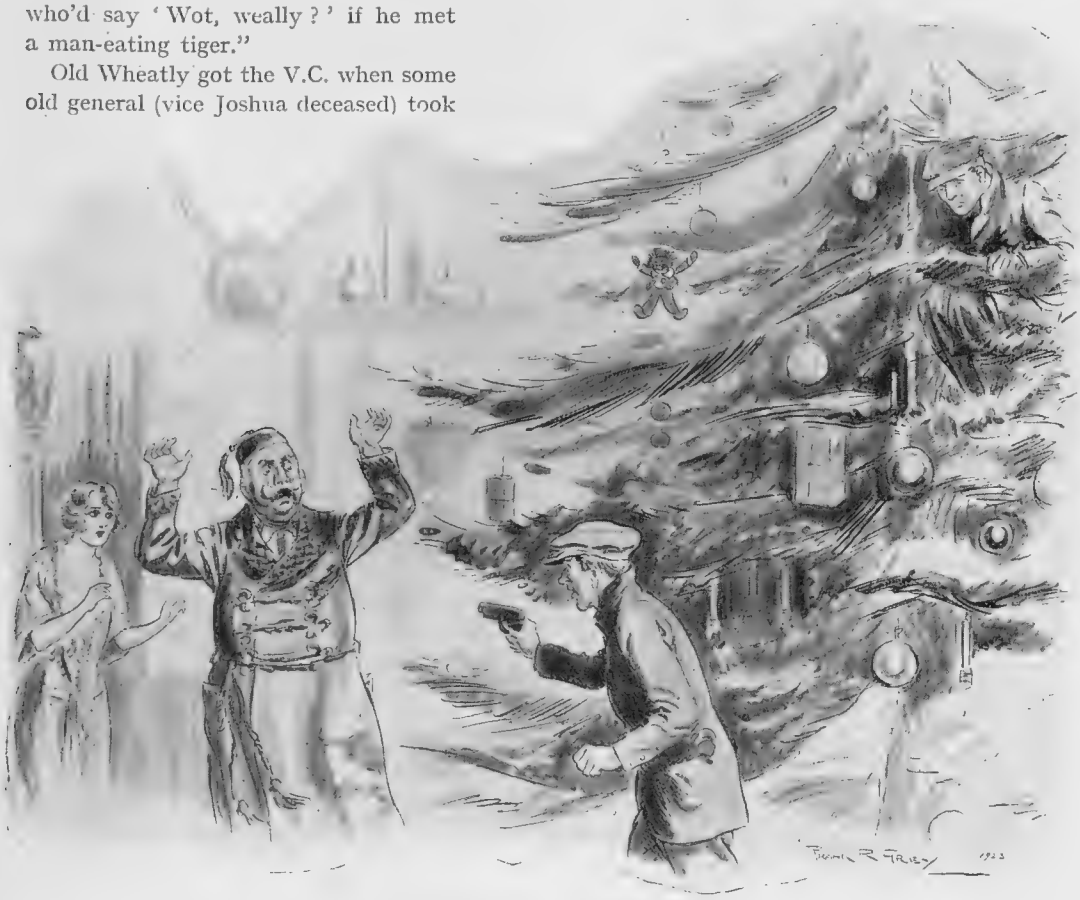
I heard "Ante, old fellow," "Full-house," "See you, and raise you the limit," hissing syphons, and the scratching of matches till I wished the man who invented poker had been condemned to sit without daring to stir on a narrow branch of a fir for three hours on end.

At long last out they trooped, and stalked upstairs.

"Click" went a switch, and everything went black. The house grew very still. I got an easier stance and waited.

It seemed an epoch before a very slight sound made me start. I peered towards the stair-case—thrilling. Black as pitch. I heard a click and sharply turned my head. A bright ovoid from an electric-torch travelled round the panelled walls.

Dimly reflected light lit a shrimp of a man who stood between the heavy curtains of one of the windows.



"'Eh! Eh! What's this?' stuttered the General"

He had a pale, harassed, pinched-looking face. Though he looked like a dyspeptic he was indubitably a burglar.

An automatic-pistol's short nose bobbed about in one of his nervous, gloved hands, and the exploring torch swept round in the other.

He emerged—blue suit, stockinged feet, the heels of his light shoes protruding from his coat pockets. Suddenly the torch-light with a click went out. Another light waved on the wall by the staircase. Someone pattered down.

Di.

"Noel!" she whispered.

It takes a moment to decide on the best course. None of you ever having been to all intents and purposes a fir-cone in a crisis, can swear what you'd do in a predicament like mine.

I heard a stealthy movement at the foot of the tree—the little man was trying to take cover.

"Noel!" whispered Di, again, and I heard a swish as she moved. "Oh, Noel, you ought not to have come! What is it? Quick—quick! Tell me."

The shrimp only breathed hard and said nothing. I—fir-coned. Di had no time to get suspicious before the hall was flooded with light, and the General came stumping downstairs.

He was in full bed-order—from bare-feet in Morocco-slippers, via purple pyjamas, frogged dressing-gown, to tarboosh complete with blue tassel.

Majestically he descended. Peering down through the branches I saw Diana. She was staring up into the burglar's face. She screamed—a tiny, throttled scream—and, turning, ran like a hare to her father.

"Davenport!" he rapped out. "Concealment's futile. I heard her call your name. Davenport, come out!" The tree hid the little man. With whistling breath he lurked there—lurk's the only verb.

Plomp — plomp marched the bristling General, the fingers of one brawny hand round Diana's wrist.

"But, father——"

She only whispered those two words.

"Silence!" positively hissed the General. "I won't hear you. Let the young dog explain—if he can."

He arrived round the tree. The little man sighed heavily and raised his automatic. "Put up yer 'ands!" said he, in meek tones. "Up with 'em! Both of yer."

"Eh! Eh! What's this?" stuttered the General, but his hands went wavering up.

"I don't want to 'arm nobody," added the little man, trembling violently "unless I'm druv to it. . . ."

"A ber—burglar!" said the General, in an explosive whisper, and let his mouth hang open.

"Got it in one," said the shrimp.

The General glanced upstairs. He glanced at the bell-push—twenty yards away by the fireplace.

"Now don't you be rash," advised the little man. "An' don't nobody raise their voices."

(Continued on page 82)

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

THE SNOW ARTIST

How smooth and quick the year
Spins me the season round!
How many days have slid across my mind
Since we had snow pitying the frozen ground!

—LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

A CHRISTMAS TREATY (continued)

"It was Davenport," said the General

"Be off!" said the General, and his voice was husky and quavering. "Be off and we'll say no more about it. Be off the way you came."

The little man shook his head.

"There's some pearls you was wearing two nights ago, Missie, at the Town 'All," he observed. "'And 'em over and I'll 'urt no one and take nothin' else."

"They're upstairs," said Diana.

"Fetch 'em," said the shrimp to my astonishment. "Fetch 'em, but you be wary—for your father's sake be wary. If I hear a suspicious sound, I'll empty this——" He waved the snub-nosed pistol—"I'll make a blinkin' colander of 'im. Got me?"

"Diana, I—I," began the General, hoarsely, and found himself looking down the one black nostril of the pistol.

"You see reason," said the little man, pleasantly. "Don't forget, Miss, I'm trustin' you because your father pays if you act foolish. Don't try any gimes or you'll be orderin' mournin' for a fond parent. Is it a go?"

"Father, it's best——"

Diana moved one step towards the staircase.

"Yer Bible-oath, Miss?" said the little man. "No tricks?"

"I swear," whispered terrified Diana.

She left the gelatinated General quaking.

"Nice crib, you've got 'ere," said the shrimp.

All this time I'd been wondering how to intervene.

To start climbing down would have meant being shot as a poacher shoots a roosting pheasant. It appeared certain, too, that once he'd got the pearls the little man, for his own sake, would go quietly.

Silence and inaction are seldom heroic—like discretion, however, they seemed to me the better part of valour. I determined to sit tight and escape in the confusion when, the burglar gone, the General raised the alarm.

Very cautiously I leaned forward to get a better view of the General's face. It was yellow-white. As though his flesh had been wax, abject terror had stamped its impression deep and clear-cut. He looked as though he were drowning.

Nobody could help feeling sorry for him. For a man who'd won the V.C. in 1874, whose fetish was bravery, to stand impotent before a shrimp with an automatic was the acme of humiliation.

He was old. His nerve had gone. He knew it, and the knowledge was Hades—or something jolly like it. He was altogether flabby—a senile, trembling old wreck.

Then, as I stared, to my horror something snapped with a loud report. The little man glanced up and his face seemed suddenly levitated—rising to meet me—risen to meet me.

A guy-wire had snapped, but all I knew then was that tree and I had crashed to the floor.

Beneath me lay the shrimp on his stomach, wriggling like an eel, held down by countless branches.

I caught his wrist—luckily it was his right hand, and managed to secure a grip on his neck. The automatic started pumping bullets along the floor—his fault or mine never determined. He squealed—a heavy branch pinned his loins to the floor.

The General, clear of the smash, began to roar and stamp round like a bewildered bullock. Shouts resounded, also screams. Pandemonium reigned . . .

As a preface to Christmas Day it was all highly original, but equally unpleasant.

Chaos having been re-enacted, things quietened down half-an-hour later. The netted shrimp, looking red and boiled, had departed in a Ford, with two constables and the local superintendent of police.

The house-party, in various degrees of undress, chattered and asked questions all at once in the hall, beside the giant of a fallen tree.

The three old-soldier pals of the General—each wearing full bath-room order (with poker)—had seized the opportunity of lighting one more of the General's cheroots and mixing one more peg (amazing the number of old soldiers who, on retirement, get attached to the Never-Refusileers.)

They stood around, throwing chests, each saying in varying language that he wished, by Gad, he'd been there!

"What *did* you do, General?" asked one of 'em at length.

The General glowered and seemed to shiver beneath Mrs. Gray's eyes—the widow expected to hear an epic.

"While my daughter was present and the villain held an automatic trained on her, I could do nothing," he managed to say.

"Of course, not," said kindly Mrs. Gray. "For there was nothing to be done."

Mrs. Gray, last down and perfectly imperfectly garbed for the occasion, was a widow (slight unavoidable digression here), one of those been-nearly-forty for years, auburn-haired, blue-eyed damsels, labelled (like cream) "Preserved. Not suitable for Infants."

But she was very rich, and Netherhurst was heavily mortgaged, and she worshipped bravery as ardently as the General did.

A few nights before Mrs. Gray had sat with tears in her eyes holding the General's V.C. in her hands, listening to his story of the taking of Kumasi.

Diana had told me that if Mrs. Gray would accept her father, he'd consent to Di marrying anybody—because Diana and Mrs. Gray didn't get on.

Mrs. Gray, to drop a hint, couldn't be said to be quite as straight as a Diana, you see.

"Yet I'm sure," said the General's sister—a hag of the first water, "that we'd all like to know exactly what *did* occur."

The General glared. He ripened and swelled visibly—a process in a tomato that takes weeks.

He knew he was "for it," I could see that. He was "done in" and was painfully aware of it. His reputation for invincible bravery and his chance of acquiring Mrs. Gray were sinking—for the third time as it were.

I met his shifty, shamed eyes. There was something suspiciously like appeal in them. He was asking for help—an alliance.

I had an inspiration—positively.

"It was like this," I said—and it really wasn't altogether unlike it. "There was I up the tree. The General and I, being unarmed, had to resort to strategy. The General held the villain in conversation, manœuvred him under the branches, and gave a signal. Immediately I leaned forward knowing, of course, the tree would topple over on top of the ruffian, and—there we were."

"Splendid!" roared one of the old campaigners, clapping the General on the back. "Nerves of steel—as ever!"

"Oh, General, how cool—how collected!" cried Mrs. Gray, while the three Never-Refusileers swallowed three pegs and did a sort of "Soldiers' Chorus."

"It was Davenport," said the General, his eyes popping. "He's the cool one—damned cool!"

"But how came Mr. Davenport to be so providentially ensconced up the tree?" asked acidulated Miss Wheatly, the General's suspicious sister, above the din of congratulations.

"Didn't I explain?" said I. "I was hiding there—so as to surprise the villain, don't you know."

"Yes, but how did you get there?" persisted the old bloodhound.

"Well," said I, thinking desperately—wells are proverbially recuperative. "Well, I happened to be in the Park. Troubadouring's out of fashion, I know, but——"

Again the General met my eye. He blinked. He wavered.

"Very wrong—very wrong," he mumbled, gruffly. "But Diana encouraged you, I don't doubt. This practice must cease forthwith."

"I'll come in, then—next time, sir," said I.

Diana surreptitiously caught his hand.

Sighing heavily he surrendered.

The treaty was completed as he, shrugging, said:

"Well, well, if you must make fools of yourselves——"

'All very sentimental and interesting," interrupted that perfectly loathsome sister of his, "but—I may be dense—it doesn't seem to explain Mr. Davenport's presence in the house—unbeknown to us all—in the small hours."

Inspiration — sheer genius — again rescued me.

"Well," said I truthfully—don't forget the waits—"I saw a masked man making for the house. I followed him in."

"You hero!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray, turning tear-brimmed, baby eyes momentarily on me and then, gazing raptly at the General, added, pandering to his twin passions—valour and poker:

"You're both heroes—two of a kind!"

Well, so we were—of a kind.

Photograph] A CHRISTMAS "SHOOT"—SNOW VARIETY *[Horace W. Nicholls*

Christmas in England is as often as not a time when snow—as apart from drizzle and rain—is conspicuous by its absence. However, things are different in Switzerland, where the lucky visitor can enjoy all the benefits of the snowy Yuletide beloved of Mr. Pickwick. In fact, here one can have the "Dickens" of a good Christmas

WHO IS OUR MOST

GEORGE GROSSMITH

C. AUBREY SMITH

FRED TERRY

ROBERT LORAINE

ALFRED LESTER

HENRY AINLEY

LESLIE HENSON

OWEN NARES

JACK BUCHANAN

MATHESON LANG

WHO WILL HEAD THE POLL?

We all find that there is one actor who makes a different and more pronounced appeal to us than does any other. Although wants to find which actor makes the widest appeal to play-goers, and is offering £500 in prizes in order to discover

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Warwick Brookes, Navana, Maull and Fox, F. A. Swaine, Ernest

POPULAR ACTOR?

DENNIS EADIE

LESLIE FABER

LEON QUARTERMAINE

SEYMOUR HICKS

W. H. BERRY

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

GEORGE ROBEY

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

ARTHUR WONTNER

NORMAN McKINNEL

£500 CASH PRIZES FOR VOTERS

we may not be able to define exactly what this subtle something is, yet we are very conscious of its presence. "The Bystander" him. Read the details on the next page and then record your vote to-day. There is no entrance fee.

H. Mills, Vaughan and Freeman, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Claude Harris, Dorothy Wilding, Crailey and Hana.

WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR ACTOR?

VOTE TO-DAY IN OUR NEW COMPETITION

£500 in Cash Prizes to Our Readers

ARE *you* voting in THE BYSTANDER'S new election competition?

The very great interest evinced everywhere in the election organised recently by THE BYSTANDER to discover who is the most popular actress of the day, and which resulted in Miss Gladys Cooper (closely followed by Miss Fay Compton and Miss José Collins) heading a list of twenty "candidates" in a poll of 200,000 votes, has given rise to the query—who is our favourite actor?

It was only natural that thousands of our readers should call for an answer to this new question, and so to settle the second part of the lively controversy which originated the first election, THE BYSTANDER is once again putting the question to the touchstone of public decision—this time to discover who among English *actors* of to-day stands highest in the affections of the public.

The new competition is proving a greater success even than the most-popular-actress election. There is still time to make a bid for a big cash prize and, quite apart from the zest and interest to be derived from the choosing of your favourite actors, there is no reason why the first prize of £250 should not be yours.

It is important to bear in mind that this is a competition to discover—not who is our best actor, but who is the most *popular*.

THE "CANDIDATES."

WHICH of these well-known actors are *your* favourites? They are named here in alphabetical order. To win a big cash prize choose the ten you like best and fill in their names on the voting paper on page xvi.

HENRY AINLEY	MATHESON LANG
W. H. BERRY	ALFRED LESTER
JACK BUCHANAN	ROBERT LORAINE
Sir GERALD DU MAURIER	NORMAN McKINNEL
DENNIS EADIE	OWEN NARES
LESLIE FABER	LEON QUARTERMAINE
GEORGE GROSSMITH	GEORGE ROBEY
Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY	AUBREY SMITH
LESLIE HENSON	FRED TERRY
SEYMOUR HICKS	ARTHUR WONTNER

Voting papers are appearing each week up to December 26. Save all these, for you may send as many as you like. Induce your friends to vote for your favourites, or collect their voting papers and fill them in yourself. You will thus have more chances of winning a prize. Closing date December 31.

THE BYSTANDER offers

£500

in Cash Prizes

to be divided as follows:

1st Prize - £250
2nd ,, - £100
3rd ,, - £50
and 20 Prizes of £5 each

to readers who succeed in giving correctly, or most nearly correctly, a list of ten actors in the order voted by the majority to be the most popular.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—

Is very simple. A Special Selection Committee has chosen twenty actors (whose names and photographs appear on this and the two preceding pages) as being most representative to-day of the "profession" as a whole.

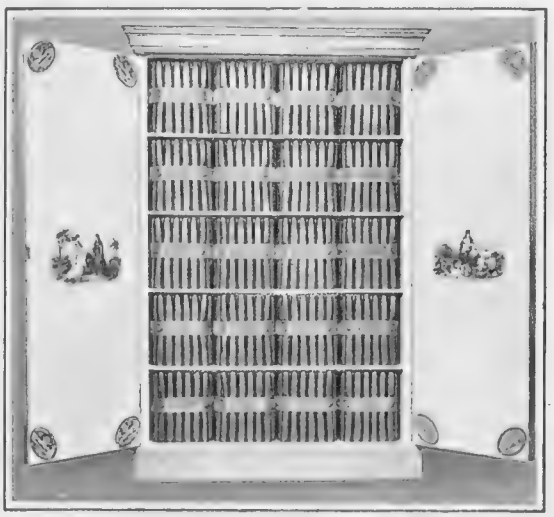
Go through these very carefully, and select and vote for (see voting paper on page xvi) the ten actors who are your favourites. Fill in their names on the voting paper. The decision will be made by popular vote. The ten actors, of the twenty named above, receiving the most votes will be accepted as the most popular.

The first prize of £250 cash will be awarded to the reader whose voting list, in correct order, most nearly approximates to the ten favourites voted the most popular. The second prize of £100 will go to the sender of the next most nearly correct voting list — and so on.

The closing date of the competition is December 31—*for colonial and foreign readers, January* 10—so that the many enthusiasts abroad have ample time to compete.

There is no entrance fee.

Readers may send in as many voting papers as they wish, singly or in batches, but each must be filled in and cut from THE BYSTANDER. Further voting papers are appearing each week in the ordinary issues of THE BYSTANDER up to and including that of December 26.



FOR THE MOST POPULAR ACTOR

To the "star" who receives the greatest number of votes and is thus acclaimed the most popular actor of the day, "The Bystander," on behalf of a great host of admirers and as a token of their regard and esteem, will present a souvenir gift in the form of a cabinet of 1,000 of the famous La Corona "Corona" cigars, similar to the one seen above. The cigars which will make up this gift have been specially prepared for "The Bystander" at the La Corona Factory in Havana

You may collect voting papers from your friends and fill them in yourself. This will help to ensure a greater measure of success for your own favourites, and at the same time give you more opportunities to win a large share of that £500. There is no need to mutilate the pages of your BYSTANDER as photographs must *not* be sent.

You have no trouble other than to fill in the voting papers each week and to post them when you choose, but in time to reach us not later than December 31, or January 10 in the case of readers abroad. Cut out your voting paper neatly and address it to:—

THE ORGANISER, "MOST POPULAR ACTOR ELECTION," THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A LITTLE and GOOD

Established 1817

ALL Distillers agree that there is a serious shortage of fine matured Malt Whiskies. All of them, however, do not agree as to how the public should be treated under the circumstances.

We are in no doubt. Our policy is fixed. We will not tamper with quality. We are catering for "quality" people who know that they must pay "quality" price or put up with something less fine. To keep up quality we are keeping down sales.

We could not sell our KING WILLIAM IV at 13/6 per bottle (Home Market) unless we made good profits out of our Export business. Drink a little less if need be, but as you value your health drink the best.

King William IV

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WE do not say that. All we do say is that it is as good.

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SNOW WEAR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY D'EGVILLE

"A tight-fitting costume"

IF you imagine that the most important thing at a winter sport resort is the winter sport, it simply shows, my dear sir (or madame), that you have never given the thing a moment's consid. (short for consideration).

I grant you that such things as skiing, skating, curling, bob-sleighing, tobogganning and ice-hockey may make a temporary claim on the attention of the winter-sporter, but it will be obvious that the real thing is the question of dress.

It is not the slightest use, for instance, to execute a telemark turn in a set of plus fours. Of course, you may contrive to bring off the turn in this costume, but think for a moment of the look of the thing. Do you suppose that anyone who *is* anyone in the world of winter-sport will so much as glance in your direction? But imagine for a moment the effect of the same turn thoroughly mismanaged in one of those dinky blue Norwegian costumes. The fact that your turn ended in a dismal failure will simply be put down to the poverty of the snow, a hidden rock, the immense speed at which you were courageously attempting the turn, or any of a hundred and one reasons, or several or all of them.

IN skating, too, you may, especially if you are a woman, indulge your taste for dress to the utmost.

Those delightful "snow-resisting, windproof" garments, providing "complete freedom of movement," which begin to appear in the shop-windows towards the end of November, may, in fact do, give place to costumes which resist nothing and accord no freedom of movement what and howsoever.

While it may be excellent to carry out twelve mohawks running and eight tomahawks sitting, such feats do not arouse the interest that is created when a new arrival appears on the rink in a tight-fitting mauve costume, trimmed with pink orange-blossoms, and a brick-coloured Eskimo cap.

It is, however, in the matter of bob-sleighing that dress counts for so much.

I have known a man come down the bob run at Mürren (it is fifteen miles long) in the incredibly short time of three seconds. At least, I think I have known that. Well, did it set the Jungfrau on fire? Did the chamois drop lifeless from its unscalable heights from shock? Did the hotels reduce their tariffs to celebrate the event? The answer is in the negative.

No. In bob-sleighing it is the *badge* that counts. Thus, if your bob is known as "The Tiger," each member of the crew will have a tiger cunningly woven on his or her chest, or rather that portion of the sweater which covers the chest. And I may say that I know of no more imposing sight than a line of such tigers seating themselves in a bob.

That is the sort of thing that excites interest. It is that which sends the Press photographer flying for another couple of dozen plates.

BUT you must be warned that this has been going on for many years, and the competition in this direction is immense, so that it will be quite useless for you to turn up this year with an ichthyosaurus on your chest. All this sort of thing has been done before.

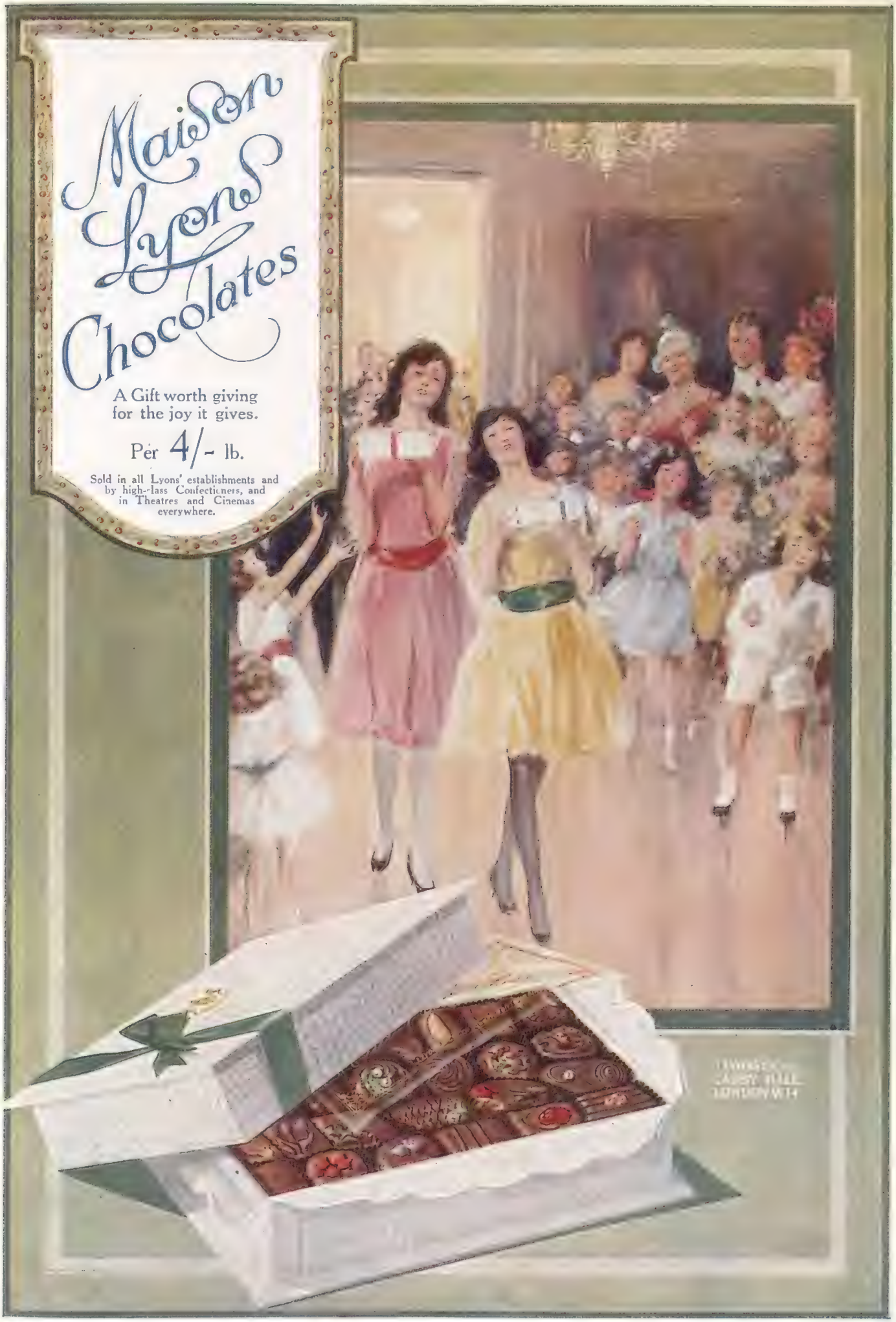
Indeed, it is a question demanding great forethought and inventive genius. The best thing is to hold several meetings with the other members of the crew before embarking at Folkestone, and go thoroughly into the matter. A few visits to the British Museum, the Tate Gallery, and one or two of the better travel films will in all probability afford some inspiration.

AT all events it is safe to say that the crew that turns up this year with either the occupation of the Ruhr, a group of Channel swimmers, or a herd of Wart hogs at bay emblazoned upon their chests will be sure of claiming some attention. Indeed, they may even entertain the hope of appearing in this paper under the heading of "Merry Mürren: Lord Steepsides (x), who started the bob races at Mürren, standing by the winning crew." Of course, your names will not appear, but the insignia will stand out splendidly.

Finally, we come to the all-important question of indoor wear. The men cannot do better than breakfast in a lounge suit of heather mixture. The after-breakfast cigarette may be smoked in comfort in a set of gorse-coloured plus-fours, after which, of course, they will don that Norwegian costume to which we have referred above.

FOR the ladies (I take the suggestions of a well-known winter sport hostess) we recommend a tea-gown for breakfast. A different one should be worn every day, naturally. After the consumption of the customary rolls and coffee, it is an easy matter to slip off this garment, revealing the pea-green, puce or heliotrope sports costume, according to the day of the week.

In the matter of evening dress, the men have no choice, but the women will do well to remember that to wear the same costume twice during the winter season is equivalent to social ostracism. To be on the safe side, it is best to change after every third dance. This not only prevents any feeling of staleness, but materially adds to the excitement of the evening, and many a good sweep has been held on the question of what Miss So-and-So will appear in next.

"One of those dinky blue Norwegian costumes"

Maison Lyons Chocolates
A Gift worth giving for the joy it gives.
Per 4/- lb.
Sold in all Lyons' establishments and by high-class Confectioners, and in Theatres and Cinemas everywhere.

– and now in a quaint old-time sampler setting come new Chocolates of rare goodness from the famous house of

Mackintosh.

You will like

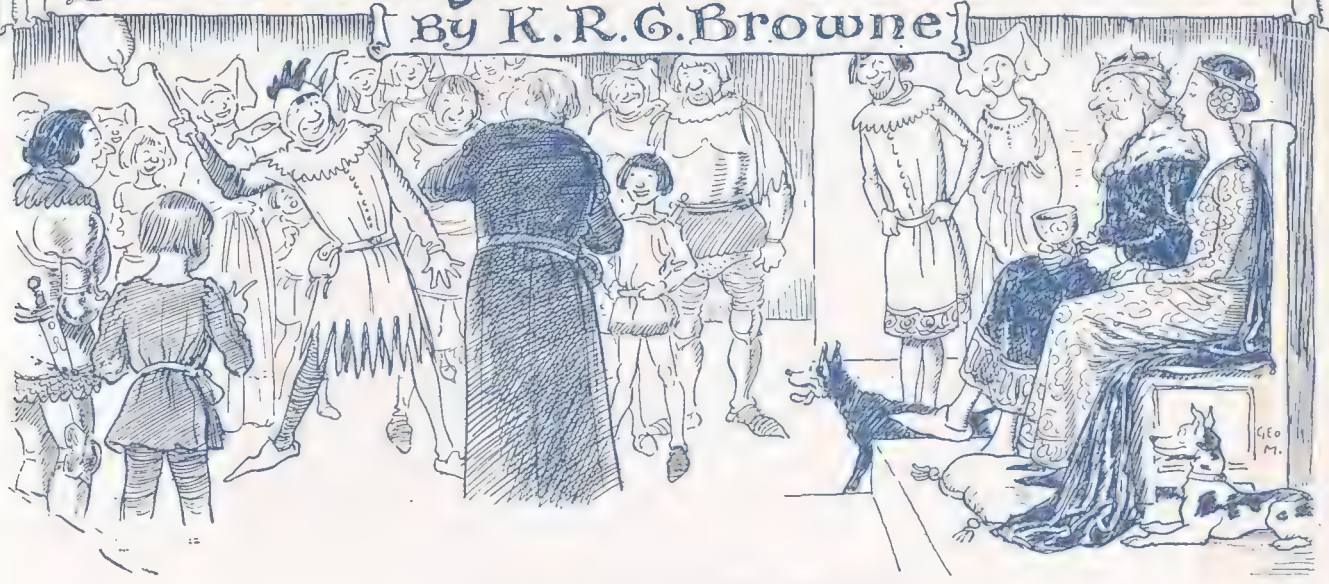
Mackintosh's SAMPLER CHOCOLATES

because of their delicious variety. Choice centres of Marzipan, Nougatine, Montelimart, Fruit Jelly and Cream-cup; their covertures—chocolate exquisite in flavour. All confectioners now stock Mackintosh's Sampler Chocolates; try them to-day.

MADE BY
JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD.
HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

Somethynge to Laughe Atte

By K. R. G. Browne



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MORROW

"Look here," said the Editor, "I want an old-fashioned Christmas story. You know—knights and fayre ladyes and jousts and—and—well, YOU *know."*

"Nothing simpler," replied the Author. "Have you heard the one about the King's Daughter Who Never Smiled?"

"No," said the Editor, a trifle uneasily. "Is it—ah—suitable?"

"Perfectly," returned the Author, austerely. "It is also a story of the highest historical significance, inasmuch as it contains the solution of what has hitherto been one of the inscrutable mysteries of the ages. This is it."

AVERY long time ago, before Guy Fawkes, or bicycles, or standard bread, or the Irish Problem, a certain King had a certain daughter. This damsel, according to contemporary chronicles, was fair as the summer dawn, slender as the ash sapling, graceful as the gazelle, and gentle as the rain. In other words, and making allowance for the enthusiasm of those whose lives depended on the exuberance of their compliments, she was quite a nice girl.

Quite a nice girl—her name, by the way, was Yseult—but she had one fault. She never smiled. She was everything that a King's daughter should be, and then some, but she had never been known to laugh. Not that she can have had much to laugh at, but the fact was disturbing.

Among others it disturbed her father, the King, who was one of those large, hearty souls who laugh a great deal at nothing very much. The King himself was easily amused, and the Court Jester could always rely upon bringing the house down, although his chief idea of sparkling wit was to knock people about with a bladder. This sent the King into convulsions every time, but it drew no giggle from Yseult. Even when the Court Jester, after weeks of thought, evolved and put into execution the screaming notion of pulling away a chair just as Sir Bedivere the Beachcomber was about to sit down upon it, Yseult did not even snigger.

It was after this episode that the King took counsel with the Court Physician, a beavered ancient of small talent.

"Look here, Ug," said the King, "why the dickens doesn't that girl laugh occasionally? It gives me the blues to see her moping about with a face as long as a drawbridge."

"It may be, sire," said the Court Physician, hazarding a guess, "that she hath a migraine."

"What's that?" asked the King.

"A nothing, sire," replied the Court Physician, who did not know either, "but common to highly-strung damosels."

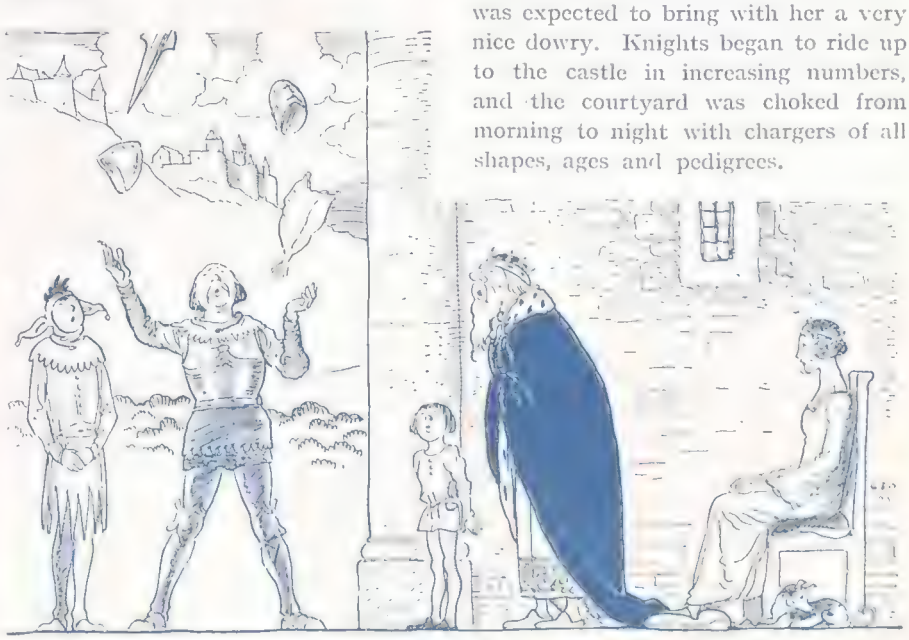
"Well," said the King, crisply, "if you can't think up some kind of a cure, Ug, *you'll* be highly strung."

"I have a suggestion, sire," said the Court Physician, coyly. "The Princess is of a marriageable age. Why not noise it abroad that no man may hope to claim her hand unless he can first make her laugh?"

"By my grandfather's curvature!" said the King. "That's an idea! I'll do it!"

He did. The noising abroad was put in hand at once, and by noon of the following day it was known throughout the kingdom that he who desired to espouse the Princess Yseult must first cause her comely countenance to wrinkle in a smile.

As soon as the word filtered round the clubs that the Princess was open to receive offers, suitors flocked to the Court from all the best circles, for Yseult was really a very nice girl, and was expected to bring with her a very nice dowry. Knights began to ride up to the castle in increasing numbers, and the courtyard was choked from morning to night with chargers of all shapes, ages and pedigrees.



"Sir Agravaine the Albino, deftly juggling with two helmets, a halberd and a haddock"

But no one had any luck. At first it was thought that Sir Perivane the Purposeless had really done the trick when he walked into the dining-hall on his hands, singing an old folk song; but Yseult only yawned. Many laid their money upon Sir Lancelot the Lil[illegible]ivered, who could—and did, for none [illegible]ied to stop him—imitate barnyard [illegible]ls to a remarkable extent; but Y[illegible] only sighed. Not a few were surpris[illegible] when Sir Agravaine the Albino, [illegible]ftly juggling with two helmets, [illegible] halberd and a haddock, failed to [illegible]n more than a weary glance. It was a [illegible]ring period for all concerned.

It was the kindly custom of the King to hold open house on Christmas Day, refusing food and shelter neither to belted earl nor to scurvy knave.

Christmas Day dawned cold and covered with snow, for Christmas was Christmas in those days. With loud shouts and seasonable greetings the knights of the house-party jostled into the dining-hall, where breakfast was spread to such a degree that the board not only groaned but complained bitterly all the time. Then came the King, smiling to right and left, and extracting in a regal manner the juice from the orange which Yseult, according to the old custom, had placed in his stocking. Last of all came Yseult herself, unsmiling, aloof, proud and beautiful. The knights knuckled their foreheads and the meal began.

Hardly had the King tapped his eighth egg when there entered to him a herald, announcing that one waited without and craved the traditional hospitality of the Court.

"He drew his vast sword"

Time wore along. Every day quantities of knights rode up, said their little piece, performed their little trick, and rode away again, cursing sombrely. Every day Yseult grew more and more melancholy. Every day the King grew more and more annoyed. Even his announcement, made in a moment of pardonable pique, that the man who made Yseult laugh could have her as a gift, together with a ton of groats, and no questions asked, produced no result whatsoever.

Time wore along again, and Christmas approached. Christmas was a very popular period in those days, being a time of feasting, of imbibing, of rude horseplay, of boisterous merriment.

"Bring him in," commanded the King. "Sir Bedivere, replace the egg which you have just taken. No guest of ours goes eggless."

The guest, appearing at this moment, caused a murmur of astonishment to rise from the assembly. He was a knight, but a sorry one. He was small and wizened; his armour was rusty and bore the unmistakable stamp of the second-hand dealer's. His sword was bent in two places and his lance lacked a point. He was quite bald, and obviously enormously embarrassed. The King eyed him askance; certain Scottish knights eyed him agley; one or two others eyed him agog; and even the scullions eyed him akimbo. The King, true to his breed, was the first to recover.

"Come in, Sir Knight, come in!" he said, heartily. "This is Liberty Hall! Sit down, sit down. Have an egg?"

"Th-thanks, awfully," stammered the newcomer, sliding into a seat with a tremendous rattling of accoutrements. "But I'm not a knight, really, you know. I'd like to be, but at present I'm only an apothecary's assistant. My name's Mud."

"Well, well," said the King, jovially, "if you're not a *knight*, you can at least begin the *day* well. Ha. Ha! Try that egg."

"Ha! Ha!" said Mud, dutifully, and fell upon his egg.

For a space there was silence, broken only by Sir Bedivere, who was a loud eater, and the King, who was an audible drinker. Presently the King glanced up; his gaze falling upon the man Mud, he frowned.

"You do not eat, Mud," said the King. "You trifle with your egg. I do hope it's not a bad one?"

"Oh, n-no!" faltered Mud, trembling with nervousness. "I assure you it's—it's excellent in p-parts!"

There was a second's pause. Then upon the still air arose a strange unfamiliar sound; a charming sound, like rippling water over rocks, like the tinkle of silver bells, like the rattle of silver coins. As one man the knights turned, and stared, open-mouthed. The Princess Yseult was laughing.

"Excellent in parts!" cried the Princess Yseult, faintly. "Oh, Lor', he'll be the death of me!" She laughed on.

No man had ever accused the King of being slow in action. Rising now to his full height and dallying only to sweep the crumbs from his beard, he drew his vast sword, and with it smote the man Mud upon the shoulder, so that he staggered and almost fell out of his chair.

"Arise, Sir Mud!" said the King. . . .

A week later Sir Mud married the Princess Yseult, with much pomp and ceremony. And so confused was the poor little fellow with the rapid march of events that he was quite unable to make them understand that he had a wife and three children already.

. . . . . .

"Great Scot!" said the Editor, in an awed voice. "And is that really the origin of——"

"Absolutely," replied the Author. "The very first time on record. Of course, it's got altered a bit coming on through the ages."

"Well!" said the Editor, reverently. "To think that THAT'S *the origin of the Curate's Egg! Well, well! Half a second, and I'll write you a cheque."*

Which are the Best Bovril Posters?

£30,000 in Prizes

1st Prize £12,000

2nd Prize £3,000

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2,000 other Prizes.

All these Prizes must be Won.

Use this coupon or write a letter.

To The British Charities Association, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
(President: The Viscount Knutsford.)

I enclose a donation of £ s. d. Please send me tickets for the new £30,000 Prize Competition.
One ticket will be sent for each 5/- given.

Name (in full) .....
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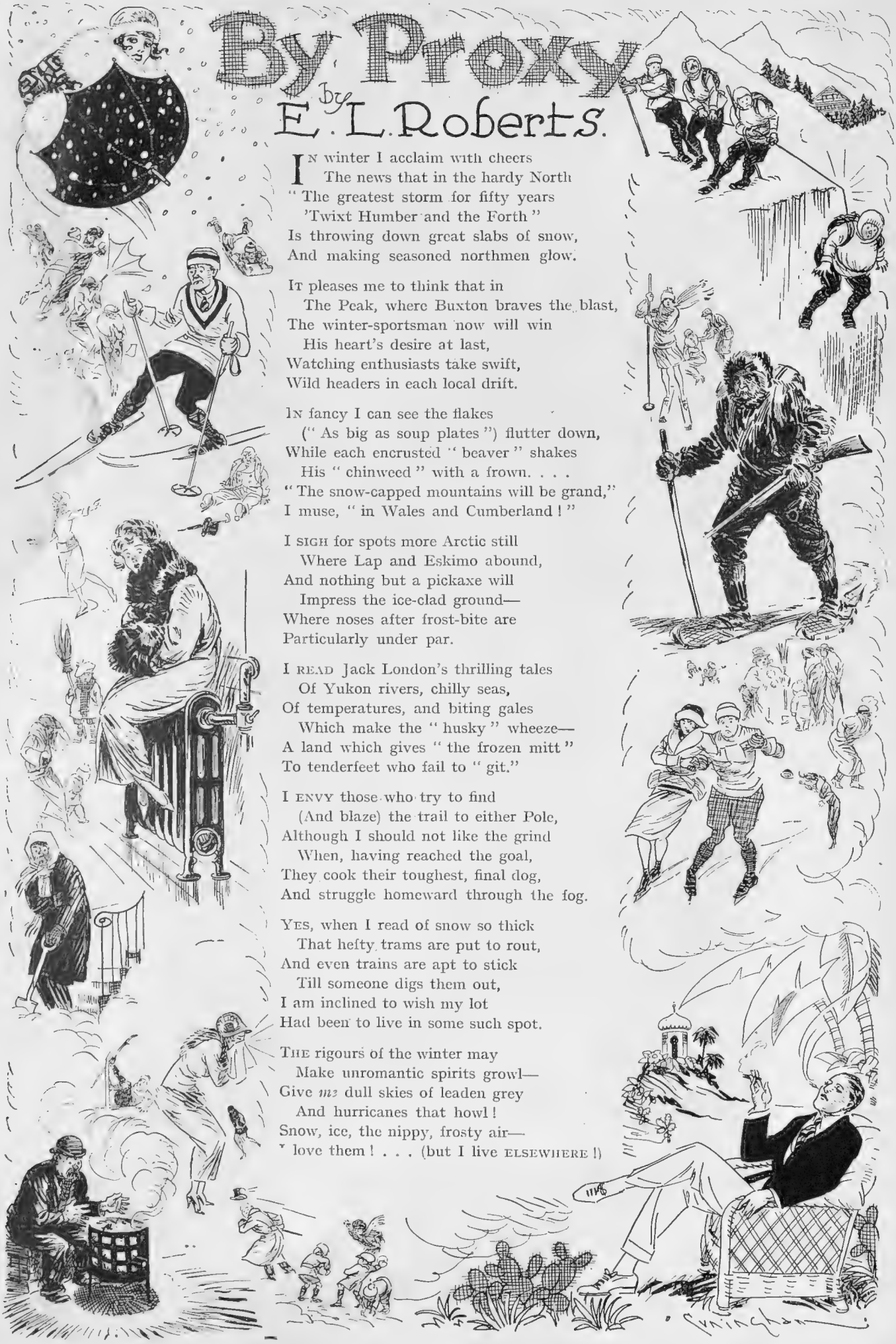
Please write distinctly in **BLOCK CAPITALS** and in **INK.**

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to The British Charities Association and crossed & Co.

B. (L.)

By Proxy

by E. L. Roberts.



IN winter I acclaim with cheers
The news that in the hardy North
"The greatest storm for fifty years
'Twixt Humber and the Forth"
Is throwing down great slabs of snow,
And making seasoned northmen glow.

IT pleases me to think that in
The Peak, where Buxton braves the blast,
The winter-sportsman now will win
His heart's desire at last,
Watching enthusiasts take swift,
Wild headers in each local drift.

IN fancy I can see the flakes
("As big as soup plates") flutter down,
While each encrusted "beaver" shakes
His "chinweed" with a frown. . . .
"The snow-capped mountains will be grand,"
I muse, "in Wales and Cumberland!"

I SIGH for spots more Arctic still
Where Lap and Eskimo abound,
And nothing but a pickaxe will
Impress the ice-clad ground—
Where noses after frost-bite are
Particularly under par.

I READ Jack London's thrilling tales
Of Yukon rivers, chilly seas,
Of temperatures, and biting gales
Which make the "husky" wheeze—
A land which gives "the frozen mitt"
To tenderfeet who fail to "git."

I ENVY those who try to find
(And blaze) the trail to either Pole,
Although I should not like the grind
When, having reached the goal,
They cook their toughest, final dog,
And struggle homeward through the fog.

YES, when I read of snow so thick
That hefty trams are put to rout,
And even trains are apt to stick
Till someone digs them out,
I am inclined to wish my lot
Had been to live in some such spot.

THE rigours of the winter may
Make unromantic spirits growl—
Give *me* dull skies of leaden grey
And hurricanes that howl!
Snow, ice, the nippy, frosty air—
I love them! . . . (but I live ELSEWHERE!)

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

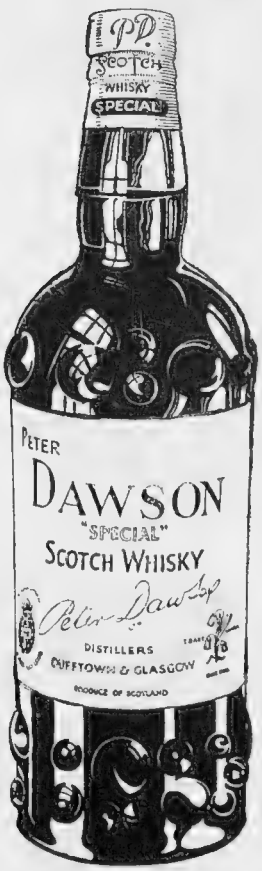
give Whisky give the best give Peter Dawson

Now packed in 6-bottle and 3-bottle cases for Christmas—in the new 'brambled' and 'dimpled' bottles

WHISKY is the Christmas Gift from men to men. Give Peter Dawson and you know the deepest joy of giving.

You know you are giving of the best—giving royally—giving a whisky which every friend will enjoy.

Peter Dawson is the Whisky of the year. It has leapt to the front because men have discovered for themselves that it is a genuinely old whisky. Many whiskies to-day simply fade away when soda is added, but it takes more than a 'splash' of soda to 'drown' the rare old Highland Malt Whiskies in the famous P.D. blend.



The new 6-bottle and 3-bottle cases have been specially introduced for Christmas Gifts. Your dealer has them ready now.

PETER DAWSON
Scotch Whisky

6-BOTTLE CASES **75/-** 3-BOTTLE CASES **37/6**

The 6-bottle and 3-bottle cases have been introduced specially for Christmas trade and will not be available after December. The standard 12-bottle cases (£7 10s. 0d.) are obtainable all of the year round. Only in case of difficulty send your order direct to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward supplies through the nearest Agent.

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London Office: 29-30 Tower Hill · E.C. 3

An Old Toast Through Young Eyes

BY H. PEARL ADAM

GREAT-UNCLE comes but once a year—
A weird old bean, but a bit of a dear:
And whenever the Christmas dinner ends
The dear old dug-out gives "Absent Friends."

WOULD you believe it? "Absent Friends!"
As if Dickens and Albert were world-without-ends!
O all the blithering blethering toasts,
That starts even me seeing friends and ghosts!

Up he stands with his glass aloft;
Then Dad hops up, with his voice gone soft—
"Absent Friends, sir!" and there we sit
Amused, of *course*—but quiet for a bit.

IT'S the devil and all, is that mouldy toast,
With Great-Uncle staring at Great-Aunt's ghost,
And even Mother, the Flag-Day Queen,
Bagged and bobbed, and all corset and sheen,
Modern Mother—the goods, you bet,
Murmuring: "Flanders, we *don't* forget!"

"'Absent Friends!' Good Lord!
. . . Oh, well, here's *to* them!"

BY VICTOR HICKS

Up above his world so high,
Like der diamonds in der sky.

THE HAUNTED ROOM

BY CUNINGHAM

When Mr. Sceptic took the Moated Grange he laughed at the idea of ghosts. But they turned up right enough at Christmas

THE HOTEL CHRISTMAS

BY H. PEARL ADAM

SING a song of Christmas, a pocket-flask of rye,
Four-and-twenty guineas gone on revelry:
When the feast was over and heads began to sing,
A ghost that looked like Dickens went away and wept, poor thing.

THE MANAGER *sings*—
Little Jack Horner came from his corner
Begging a Christmas pie:
But I was too sage—he was still under age;
"This is no place for children," said I.

THE GUEST *sings*—
Wake up, my lady, a tango we'll flop,
When the band plays we'll dance till we drop:
When the band ceases for supper we'll fall
Till dawn shall stop Christmas and suppers and all.

AN AUNT *sings*—
Mary, ever more contrary,
Where is your Christmas now?
In hells of bells and smells and yells
And nigger-men making a row.

Conclusion—
Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer:
And after that it brings the bill——
Thank God, it's only annual still!

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These Cigarettes are made from wholesome medicinal herbs and berries, and when smoked produce an antiseptic, healing, germ-destroying vapour that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain NO TOBACCO, NO CUBEBS, ARE NON-HABIT FORMING, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

HOW SMOKE PENETRATES

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smoke-pipe, or chimney will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the wardrobes, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of Dr. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of Catarrh you will immediately recognise it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE CATARRH

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; scabs expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish, or greenish mucus; pain in the forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting.

In Catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarrhal deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the pictures.

A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage-way allows catarrh to enter here, causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the desease entered.

B, C, D. Upper, Middle, and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meatuses. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.

E. Frontal Sinuses. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.

F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to head noises and deafness. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.

G. External opening of the Nostrils. **H.** The Mouth.

I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat, laryngitis, etc.

J, K. The Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

Fig. 1

The red in Fig. 1 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomiser. See how much of the catarrhal area remains untouched.

Fig. 2

The red in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the catarrhal area remains untouched.

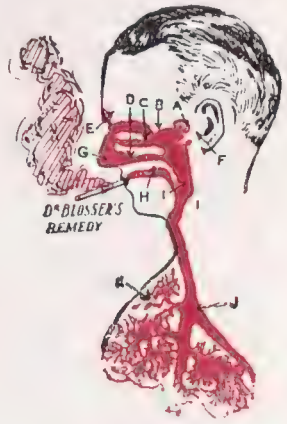


Fig 3

Fig. 3 shows the same parts that are shown in Figs. 1 and 2, but it is shown red because the smoke-vapour from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are on sale at most chemists, always at Boots, and other cash chemists.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Dr. BLOSSER, LTD. (Dept. 195 S.T.),
Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

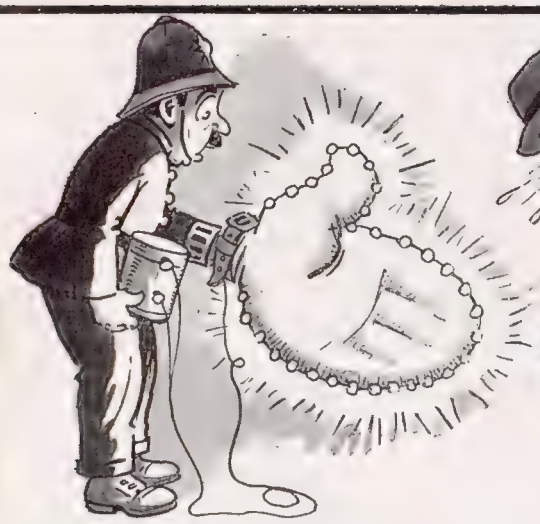
Please send by post your trial package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes.

Name.....

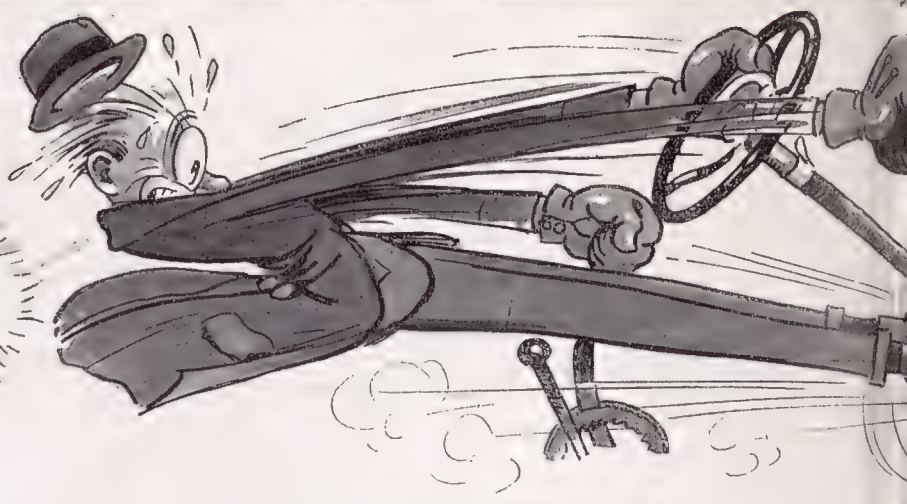
Street.....

Town or City.....

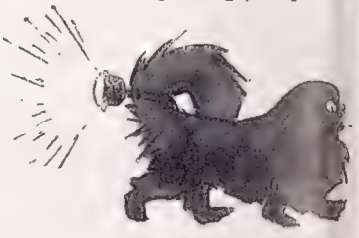
(Spell out name with a pencil very very plainly)



Good visibility gloves with portable battery.
A present to the lords of the traffic

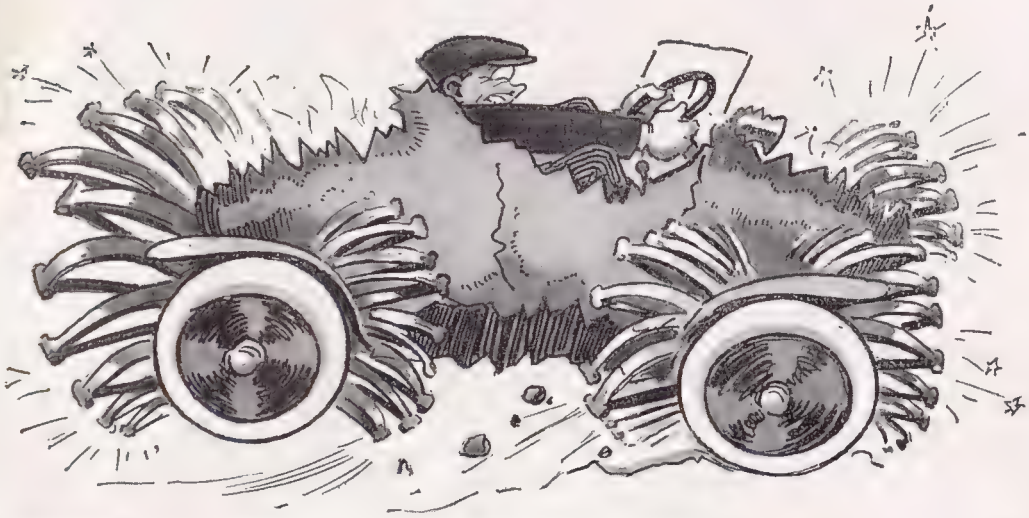


To those charming ladies who deliberately drop into a slow-motion
greetings, coupled with

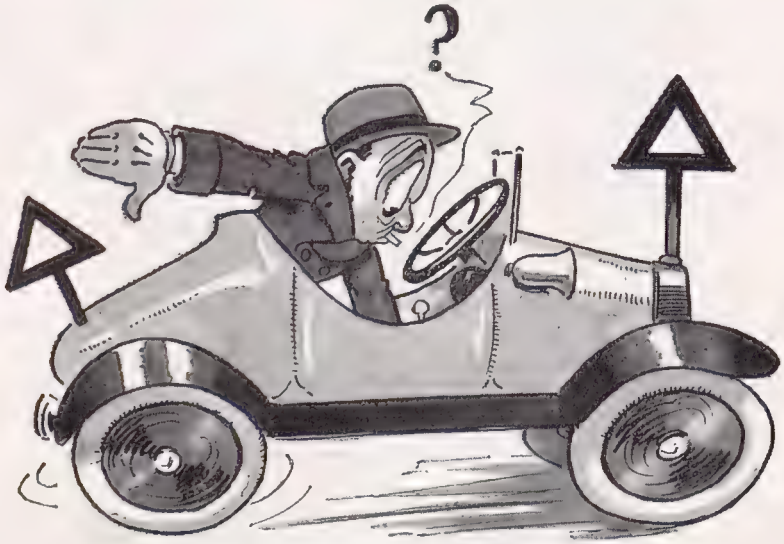


May all such as these find tail lamps

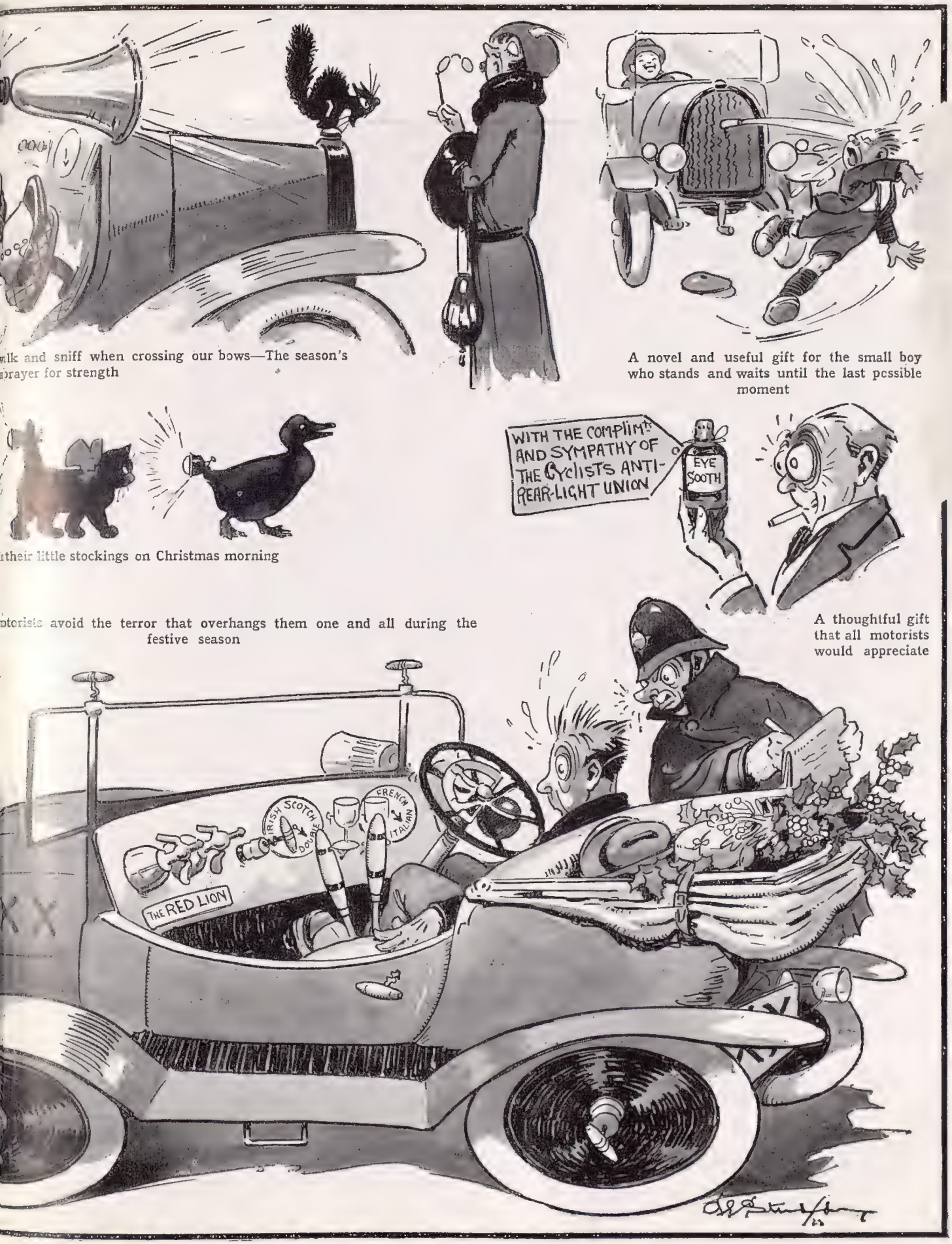
And may all good



Blessings on the bad patch of road which gives us that Spring feeling in December



The danger-sign mascots for the car of the beginner—An inexpensive and
much-needed present



ilk and sniff when crossing our bows—The season's
prayer for strength

A novel and useful gift for the small boy who stands and waits until the last possible moment

their little stockings on Christmas morning

otorists avoid the terror that overhangs them one and all during the festive season

A thoughtful gift that all motorists would appreciate

BY G. E. STUDDY

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Christmas Gifts

You—buy—best—at

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182 REGENT ST., W.1.
112-118 EDGWARE RD., W.2.

Gift Boots Departments

CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES
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112-118 EDGWARE RD. W.2.

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

Christmas Again 25th

By "CANDIDA." *ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN KEENE*

HAIL to the Yule log and a merry Christmas! You've noticed, of course, that Christmas is the only festival when you're expected to be Victorian, if not older, in your sentiments. Intensely patriotic, for instance, and hopelessly conservative with the old-order-changeth-not-and-will-never-change attitude well to the fore. That's why I've mentioned the Yule log, the good, stout, British oak which they burnt in those enormous fireplaces they still keep in the halls of Tudor castles. But they don't roast huge oxen before them any more in the old, Christmassy, "Merrie England" manner. For the people who own the fireplaces are nearly always abroad. Regardless of the old traditions, they sit about on sunlit verandahs in white dresses, and behave generally as if nothing was expected of them.

WHAT we badly need is a new Christmas spirit. The old one is dead and gone, and all that we do is to rattle its dry bones (allowing a spirit to have bones for argument's sake) and call the thing alive. Are there no new ways of celebrating? Won't someone invent a new Christmas dish, an original Christmas party, a never-before-thought-of Christmas present? I always intend to ask some of those clever people who periodically launch upon us new ways of comfort, or beauty, or something, to exert their brain cells in finding a new way of being happy. But what always happens is that Christmas is upon us before anyone has thought seriously about it, and then there's nothing to be done but fall back on the holly, figuratively speaking, and the mistletoe, and to order the usual Christmas dinner.

PERHAPS novelty isn't everything. I don't know that I'm so desperately keen on new situations as are the modern seer-people who're always foretelling the speedy end of the world—in what manner they don't specify; or the geologists who keep on announcing that half Europe (they never say which half, and I always wonder whether it's the one that contains England) will be swallowed up in a terrific earthquake the day after to-morrow; or the science enthusiasts who're working so hard over in America, or somewhere, to explode the atom—and, incidentally, ourselves and this poor old planet. And meanwhile, no one has noticed that the only thing that's really exploded is the poor old Christmas spirit. Peace upon earth is not visible (not that it ever was), and goodwill to men isn't visible, to the naked eye or untaught heart. We're tired of turkey and plum pudding celebrations; holly doesn't decorate; Christmas parties are all cut after the same dull pattern, and the present business isn't worth the fuss and the fever that's expended on it.

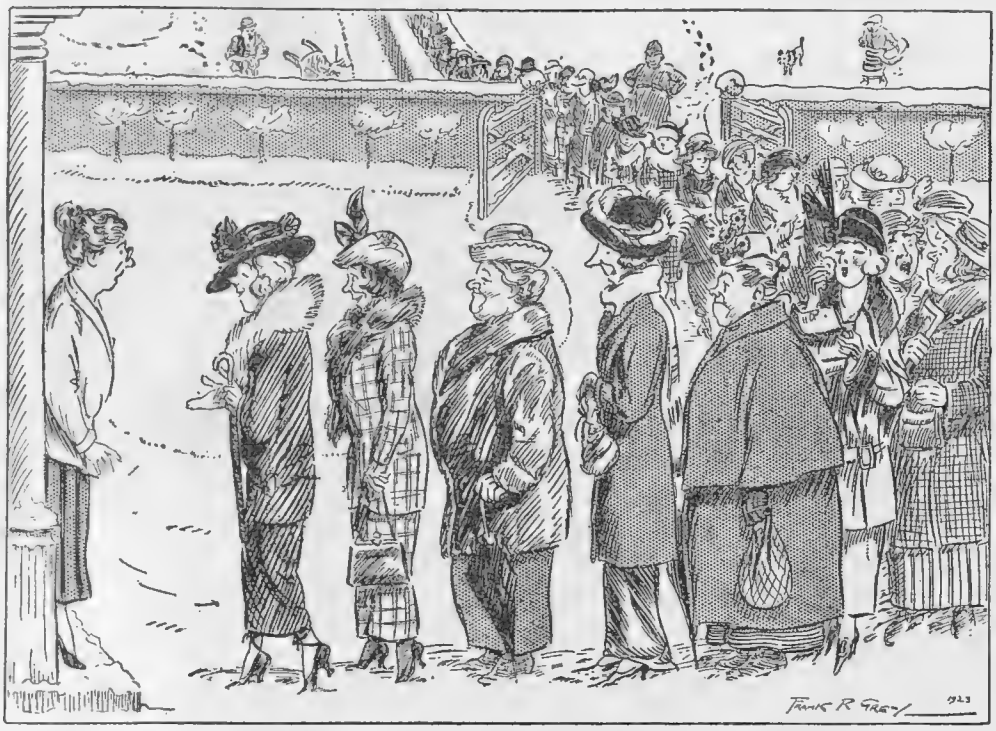
THE fact is that it takes one all one's time to keep up with the new ideas in everything, the astounding novels, for instance, the amazing ways of art and marvellous absence of cut in the latest clothes. And to be asked to drop them all for a day or two, and go back hundreds of years and be simple and merry and bright—well, it's a lot to expect. I don't wonder that the best—or, let's say, the richest—people leave the country in their thousands. As to which, of course, there's much lamentation instigated, though we don't mention it, by the people who would make money out of them if they were at home. They wail that "the dear domestic festival is not what it used to be; that it's spent away from Home (with a capital H) at palace hotels in Switzerland and *cara:ansaries* (good word, that) in Egypt," etc., etc. But I'm not sure myself that the hotel Christmas isn't quite a good thing in Christmases. There, if anywhere, you may still see your Yule log burn, and if you want gaiety, it is yours for the paying. And it's rather nice, too, to get away from too much family and the day-after-the-party feeling. For one hotel day is exactly like another hotel day, and Christmas in public is just a matter of decorations and the inevitable dinner, with no obligation to look genial if you're not feeling it.

"CHRISTMAS IS UPON US BEFORE ANYONE HAS THOUGHT SERIOUSLY ABOUT IT"

"Everybody who's anybody collects dolls"

APROPOS of presents, without which Christmas wouldn't be Christmas, the *chic* thing to give a lady is a doll. Everybody who's anybody collects dolls, except, of course, the little girl in the nursery, and she has no use for them at all, at all. The unpleasant people do say all sorts of unpleasant things in

consequence. It's a sign of the times, they insist. The maternal instinct is dead (they say) not only in the people who ought to be looking after the birth-rate, but even in the child whose love for her doll was a proof of "the dawning motherhood of her, with its deep instinct to protect the weak and unfortunate." Which is why, I take it, the right-minded little creature preferred her bundle of rags with a wooden head to the best French production with real hair and eyelashes and all. Perhaps. But considering how overcrowded is the world, and how jostled you are the moment you leave your front door, and how difficult it is to find a foothold in any trade or profession, it's perhaps just as well that our babies shouldn't be encouraged into a *penchant* for Victorian families.



THE DOUGH KNUTS By Frank R. Grey

The sad plight of a householder when all the servants who had given her "a trial" during the past year called for a Christmas box

THE grown-up dolls are very sophisticated, needless to say. They're telephone-covers, pincushions and powder-boxes, or just dolls with no excuse at all. Some people collect Russian ballet dolls, Pavlova to the life in wax and sawdust, tulle skirts and all, and Nijinski's harlequin in spangles, or dolls of all nations standing stiffly in their little outlandish skirts. In Paris there are doll-artists who model the notabilities to the life. Rather a shock to be given as a Christmas present a doll of yourself—expression and all, and quite a new thing in presents, too. Only, unfortunately, it isn't everybody's gift because it isn't given to all and sundry to be famous.

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BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN

The King of Wines
The Wine of Kings

A USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE PRESENT FOR
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Fortify your System against Winter chills by drinking delicious
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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

The Princess and the Hedgehog

By A. A. THOMSON

PRINCESS PRUE of Topsiturvia was the most beautiful girl in all fairyland. I cannot imagine anyone more beautiful, and (as you will perceive if you read on) I am a chronicler of no little imagination. Her eyes were as blue as cornflowers, and her hair was a web of gold, woven by fairy spinners. This I will vouch for, being personally acquainted with a member of the firm of fairies who had the contract for spinning it. Needless to say, a girl of such singular beauty and rare charm was daily beset by hordes of suitors, but, for the purposes of this narrative, I need mention only two.

There was Prince Horace, an engaging youth with curly hair and a disarming smile. He suffered the handicap (almost invariably fatal in stories of this kind) of not being a swineherd's seventh son; otherwise he was well in the running. And there was Prince Eustace, who had a black moustache and (if he had lived a few thousand years later) would have worn white spats. All his life he had been notorious for his low cunning; he had even been good at algebra whilst at school. Greatly fearing the chances of his rival Horace, he sought out one Wanglegadget, a noted wizard, and laid the case before him.

"Have you in stock," he asked, "anything in the evil-eye line? A small curse, blight, or murrain would do, I fancy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the enchanter. "May I show the latest Christmas novelty, 'Phundust'? By the mere sprinkling of this powder you can turn a person into any shape you please. Refined entertainment for the long winter evenings. Roars of laughter. Try it on your friends."

"I will," said Eustace, with an evil smile. "What-er-shape would you suggest?"

"Well, what do you say to a blue rabbit, a silk hat, a two-storied toadstool, a purple lizard or a hedgehog?"

"Splendid," said Eustace. "Horace shall be a hedgehog—a singularly unattractive animal. I suppose the action will be permanent?"

"Unfortunately, no," confessed the enchanter; "you see, the Spell-binders' Union having agitated for an eight-hour day, the action of any spell is strictly limited to that period."

"I see. Still, if I sprinkle him at ten o'clock to-morrow, he'll be safe till six?"

"Undoubtedly," the magician assured him. "That will be two ducats-eleven-three. . . . Thank you. . . . Good-day, sir."

And so it came about that the two princes arrived simultaneously the following morning at the palace, each bent upon an interview with the King, Princess Prue's father. They were informed that the King was at present engaged in conference with the Leader of the Opposition, but that if they would be good enough to wait in the ante-room, he would see them later. Thus was Horace delivered into the wicked prince's hands, for, as a moment later, he was scanning a ten-year-old magazine, with which, according to the quaint custom of the time, ante-rooms were always strewn, Eustace crept up behind him and sprinkled him

(*Continued on page 106*)

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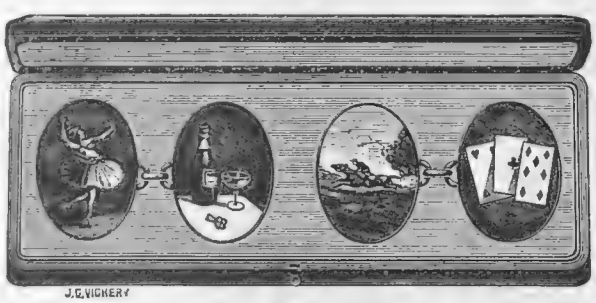

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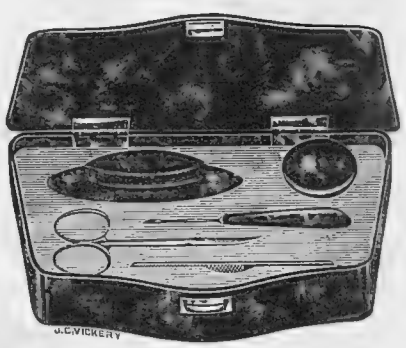

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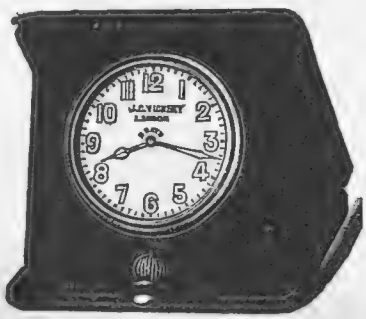

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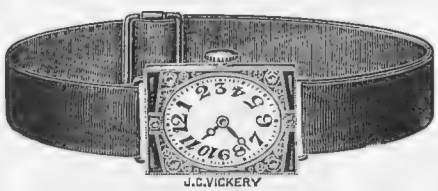

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This Morning

Millions removed the film

You know them by their whiter teeth

When you see pretty teeth, remember this.

There is now a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions of people employ it. All the world over leading dentists advise it.

It will do for you what it does for others. The results will amaze and delight you. A ten-day test to prove this will be sent you if you ask.

That dingy film

Teeth are made dingy by a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stops there.

Food stains, etc., discolour it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance to ferment and form acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth so the acids may cause decay.

Few escaped tooth troubles, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. No old-time tooth paste could effectively fight film.

Now different

Now you can combat it. Dental science has found two effective ways. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research, and these two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations are employing it to-day.

Other needs

Research proved other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids which may cause tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Pepsodent is bringing a new dental era through these unique effects.

New beauty comes

Pepsodent brings whiter teeth, cleaner, sounder teeth, and quickly. One week will prove this to you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare your teeth then with your teeth to-day, and let the results decide for you. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

TRADE Pepsodent MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over. Sold in two sizes—2/- & 1/3

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Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, Xmas

Helena Rubinstein versus Robot Beauty

IT has been said that we no longer believe in fairy tales. That may be as it may be. But may it not safely be said that their twin sisters, fables, are still as current as they have ever been? As witness the strangely sounding word "Robot" in the title above. It is taken from a fascinating fable for grown-ups, by a foreign writer, which in the form of a play has been presented recently in one of the London theatres, under the intriguing title R.U.R.

Those who have seen or read the play may shut their eyes for a while and think about the story and its lesson, if it convey any lesson, before they proceed with the reading of the remarks that follow. To those who have done neither, space permits no more than the merest hint of explanation.

That uncanny ogre of modern science has made it possible, through the fantastic work of a great physiologist, to invent a living working machine, endowed with human intelligence. Male and female he created them — Robot and Robotess. Tremendous capacity for work. Faces all alike. A nightmare of identical physiognomy and expression. The skin felt exactly like the human skin, but the complexion or colouring of one was the complexion of myriads—uniformly white and flat with just a pinch of red to add sense of vividness. They wrote, they read and were good at figures—but were incapable of love and they were soulless.

One day, in an unguarded moment, science outran its measure, and lo! Robot and Robotess were gifted with pain, beauty, love and everything . . . . . The printer calls a halt!

The fable is used here as a disguised battle-cry, needed, very badly needed, against "robotization" of the cult of Facial Beauty of women. Like a many-headed monster—each head a heap of belabelled pots, beribboned bottles and multi-coloured cartons—it beckons from shop counters, shop windows and shop shelves. Emptied from huge vats, quite in the same manner as the complexion compounds for Robots, one and the same nostrum is distributed to thousands of women, as if Jane's skin were like Mary's and Godiva's. As if the fabric of the human tegument were the weft of one loom—cut out of one piece—all made in Lancashire!

Intimate individuality of one face, peculiar robustness, colouring, varying degrees of moisture or dryness of the skin, its suppleness or harshness—and the hundred of other things that spell the treasured individuality and selfness of the incomparable charm of a woman's face—all these are thrown into one melting pot of the robotized shop counter.

All honour to the admirable young women who sell us our sachets, pocket-handkerchiefs, shoelaces and such like things. But is there anything in the nature of the shoelace to qualify for expertness as a specialist in ministering to a woman's facial beauty? Is there, speaking at random, to qualify for dentistry? To ask the question in just this incongruous way gives away the whole childish vanity of the system.

Every face presents a problem of its own and every problem calls for its own fitting solution. Madame Rubinstein's scientific Valaze preparations and treatments and her thoroughly trained staff have for many years enjoyed the envied and enviable distinction of alone possessing the ability of ministering to every individual face in the only way laid down by science and good sense. Each face is gifted with the possibility of having and retaining a distinctive beauty of its own. You must not put upon it the uniform of Bolshevist, Robot sameness!

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"THE PRINCESS AND THE HEDGEHOG" (*concluded*)

with 'Phundust.' The effect (as per advertisement) was instantaneous. Poor Horace became a bristling hedgehog on the spot.

Meanwhile within the audience-chamber the King was having a perfectly rotten time, for he was a kindly soul, who hated being worried, and the Leader of the Opposition was a worrier by instinct and training. He had come along armed with several wordy and unintelligible documents, which the King, being a constitutional monarch, was obliged to sign. At that moment he would have given all the Crown jewels just to kick the objectionable statesman down the steps of the throne, but he managed to refrain.

But justice was to be done. On his way from the royal presence, the secretary had to pass through the anteroom. Being short-sighted, he tripped over a fallen magazine, staggered, caught at the arm of a chair, and fell into it . . . plump upon Horace! With an anguished shriek the secretary leaped into the air and fled, but the King, who had followed, fairly chuckled with delight.

"Oh, noble hedgehog!" he cried. "You have done me an inestimable service. Henceforth you shall be the royal hedgehog. You shall sit upon a red plush gold-mounted hassock, and my daughter herself shall feed you with —er—mulberry leaves."

Now you may imagine that Eustace, who heard the King's words, was not at all pleased. Angrily he hurried to the wizard's consulting-cave.

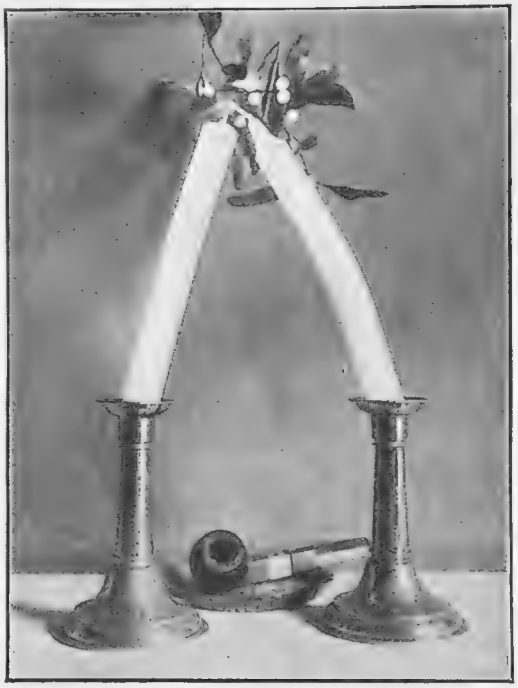
"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" he grumbled. "He's a hedgehog all right, but he's in high royal favour, and when he comes to himself——"

"Bah!" sneered the wizard. "You have till six o'clock. Dead hedgehogs tell no tales. Here is a magic hedgehog spear. Take it along this afternoon, and, when no one is looking. . . You quite understand?"

"Quite," said the wicked Eustace. And so that afternoon, with the spear beneath his doublet, Eustace again sought the palace. The King's cuckoo clock struck five as he went up the steps. He was in plenty of time. But on the threshold he stopped, struck dumb with astonishment and rage. For there was Horace—handsome Horace in the flesh—kissing Princess Prue. And Princess Prue was kissing Horace.

You see, Eustace had forgotten the Moonshine Saving Bill which made six o'clock happen at five that day! For moral you may choose between "Love Conquers All," "Don't Sit on Hedgehogs," and "Never Trust a Wizard." The last is the best. Undoubtedly.

A. A. THOMSON.



Photograph *H. A. J. Lamb*

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Visitors concur that a tour of South Africa is the best of holidays. Full particulars may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. Write for illustrated travel book "D E." It is free.

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The Gift

By ALLAN R. MACBETH

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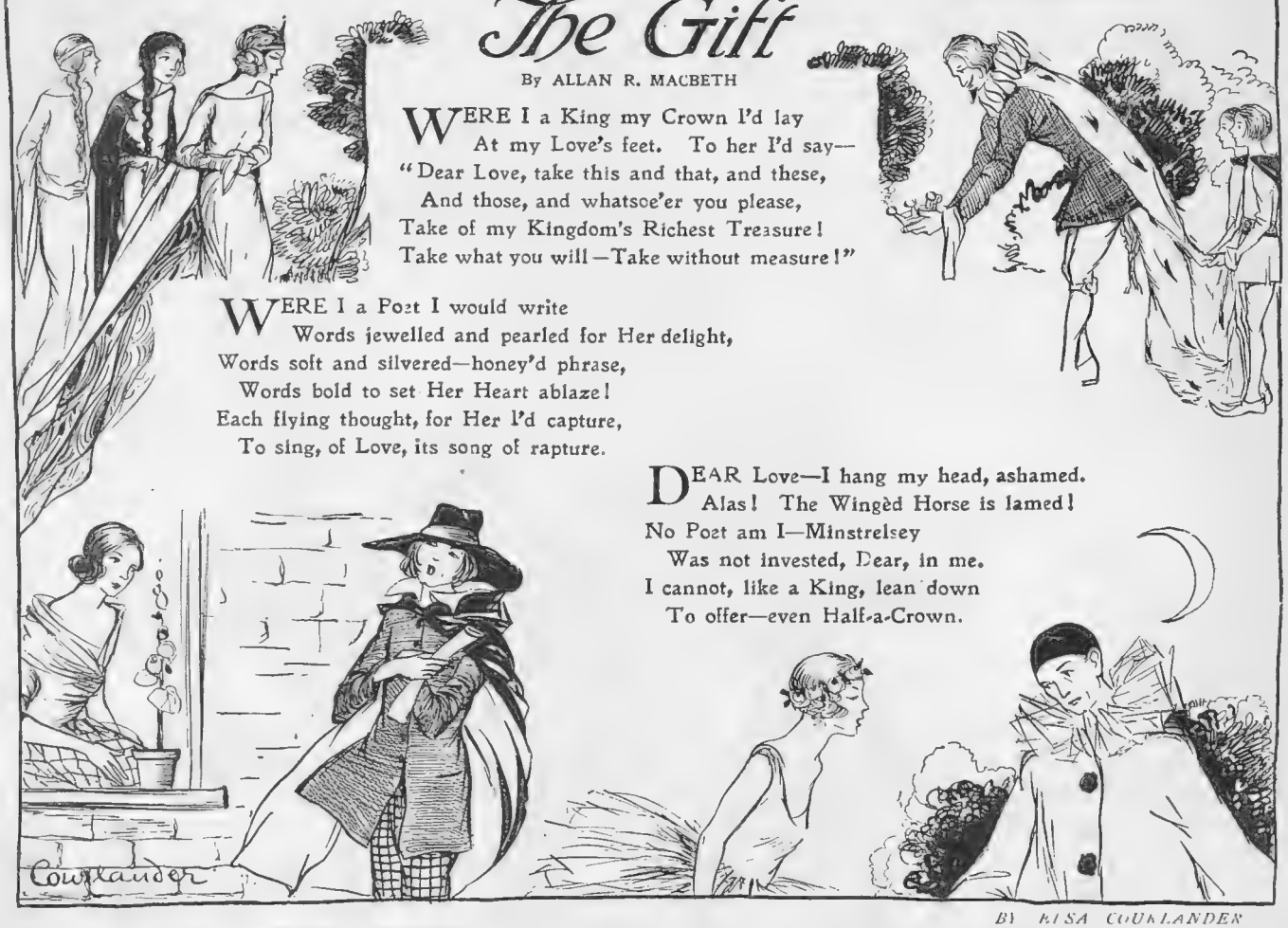
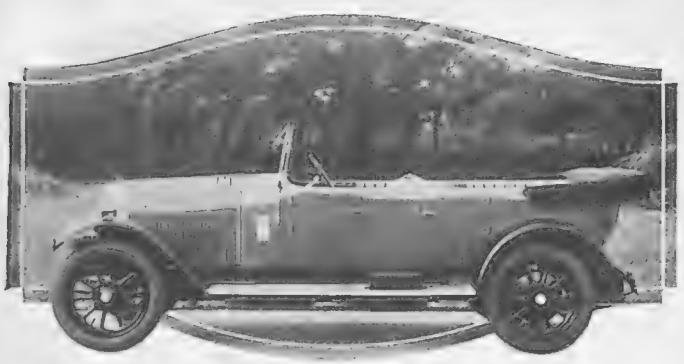
At my Love's feet. To her I'd say—
"Dear Love, take this and that, and these,
And those, and whatsoe'er you please,
Take of my Kingdom's Richest Treasure!
Take what you will—Take without measure!"

WERE I a Poet I would write
Words jewelled and pearled for Her delight,
Words soft and silvered—honey'd phrase,
Words bold to set Her Heart ablaze!
Each flying thought, for Her I'd capture,
To sing, of Love, its song of rapture.

DEAR Love—I hang my head, ashamed.
Alas! The Wingèd Horse is lamed!
No Poet am I—Minstrelsey
Was not invested, Dear, in me.
I cannot, like a King, lean down
To offer—even Half-a-Crown.



BY LISA COUNLANDER



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"FIND THE LADY!" (*concluded*)

futures, who do not care in the slightest what people say about them. (Which is just as well.)

For a time I felt quite unhinged. There are books in which one recognises that there must be purple moments, because the heroines cannot be trusted to behave themselves in a maidenly manner. In fact, compared to them, even Jezebel and Delilah are often positively provincial in their methods. But in this particular novel I had every right to suppose that I should find a perfect lady.

. . . . . .

Like the curate at the ladies' sewing-meeting, you may murmur, "What is one among so many?"

As far as my contention is concerned, it's just everything.

The writer in question leads—always has done—and the others follow, willy-nilly.

The inquiring mind may well be pardoned for wondering to what lengths more hectic fiction may consider itself justified in going, now that books for the family circle intend to exploit the puss of sorts as a heroine, instead of the thoroughly refined girl.

These are heavy tidings, for it will now be clearly seen that no longer do I know where to find the lady.

No longer am I able to hand her the halo, and the harp as well!

Her last happy hunting-ground has vanished.

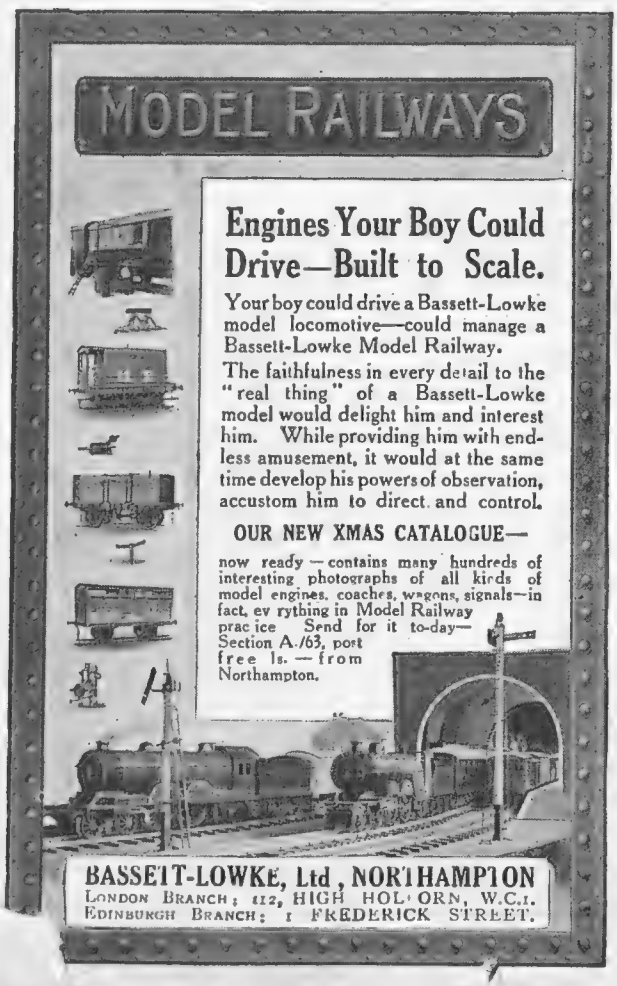
It is indubitably a case of "Yes, we have *no* ladies!"

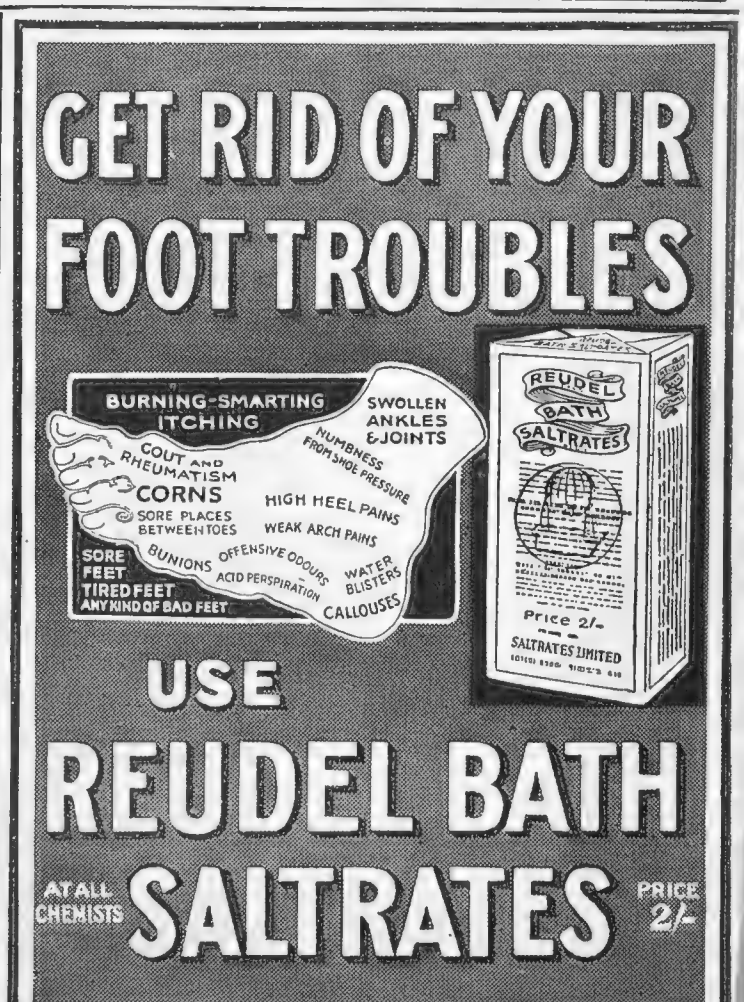
IRENE HARRISON

Photograph *Will Cauby*

THE CHRISTMAS MAIL

The sleigh mail on its wintry journey among the snow-clad mountains in Switzerland. The landscape, in this instance, easily goes one better than the conventional Christmas card





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Before Treatment.

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

After Treatment.

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BY a most remarkable method which is completely upsetting any and all of the hitherto known and practised treatments for the rejuvenation of the features, I positively remove the loose skin from around the eyes, and I restore to the sagging cheeks the contour of youth in a few days. This method which I have personally evolved during my fifteen years' practice in London and abroad, is based on approved scientific principles and facts; it is the only one which permanently restores Youth and Beauty to the face.

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